

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE, OR Journal of Belles Lettres, Politics and Fashion.

NO. XVIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1817.

PRICE 1s.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

COMIC DRAMAS.—By Maria Edgeworth, 12mo.

Miss Edgeworth and Lady Morgan are the two British female writers whose superiority above the rest, the public appear willing to admit, but about whose comparative merits they are still divided. For our own parts, since the publication of O'Donnell, we have never felt a doubt on the subject. The interest of that tale, the accurate delineation of high life, the strength of its elevated characters, and the humour of its humble, place it, we think, above any which Miss Edgeworth has hitherto produced. At the same time we freely confess, that Miss Edgeworth's works are far superior to the other works of Lady Morgan.

Miss Edgeworth entered into the career of authorship with a taste perfectly matured, and sedulously cultivated. Lady Morgan on the contrary, plunged her pen in ink, rashly, prematurely, and enthusiastically. The former appeared to pique herself upon elegance, refinement, classicality, and the ambition of depicting manners as they are. The latter, too volatile to be judicious, too sentimental to be rational, and too brilliant to be discreet, poured forth inflated rhapsodies in incorrect and redundant phraseology, and pourtrayed beings, such as were never seen before, yet interesting even amidst all their follies. Miss Edgeworth's amiable characters, if found in real life, would have been thought cold pedants; Lady Morgan's would have been considered delightful oddities. The one, we might have admired, but could not love; the other, we might have loved, but could scarcely admire. In Miss Edgeworth, we are struck with the light wit and humour, and the safe, though not profound or original maxims, which are scattered through her pages. In Lady Morgan, we meet a less refined, but much more forcible vein of mirth, and if not so many dictatorial apothegms, much more feeling, much more philosophy, and much more native sentiment. We always suspect Miss Edgeworth of having hoarded up sententious sayings in her common-place book, gleaned from scarce books, or from casual conversation; and on the other hand, we are inclined to suspect, that Lady Morgan is rather too anxious to produce an original, than a just observation. On the whole, the former lady writes evidently more from her head than from her heart, and the latter more from her heart than from her head. We are clearly of opinion too, that Lady Morgan has been endowed by nature with a far greater portion of genius than Miss Edgeworth, but that Miss Edgeworth has derived from a systematic education, more taste and propriety, both in the mode of modelling her works and in the subsequent execution of their minute parts. Yet we cannot conclude without observing, that in the latter works of both these authors, Miss Edgeworth has become

rather too cold, chastened, and precise—that is, she has carried her peculiar excellences to a faulty excess; whereas, Lady Morgan has evidently softened down the vivid luxuriance of her genius, and thus has in a great degree, divested her compositions of their early defects. It is chiefly for this reason, and in consequence of her Ladyship's having latterly adopted the better system of drawing from the life, that we think her last work excels all her former ones, and all Miss Edgeworth's too. Miss Edgeworth was the founder of the school, but the scholar has at length surpassed the mistress.

Having thus enumerated the more striking points of distinction between the characteristics of these celebrated writers, we shall now proceed to our immediate object—the Comic Dramas of Miss Edgeworth.

It would appear, by Mr. Edgeworth's preface, that these dramas are not intended for the stage, but merely, as he expresses it, "to feel her way in her new career." From which declaration we infer, that should the present work be considered promising, Miss Edgeworth will hereafter try a bolder flight, and produce a comedy for representation.

Now we do really conceive, that to write three dramas just by way of trial, was a labour which Miss Edgeworth might well have spared; because, in the first place, it appears to us, that her volume has not exhibited any dramatic talent; and in the next, because even if it had, still, as it is only intended for perusal, the tales, in the form which they have assumed, have all the disadvantages of the drama, without any of the advantages of the novel. Both the plot and the characters of an acting comedy, must, of necessity, be forced upon us abruptly, and without that gradual development, which, in a story to be perused only in the closet, is quite indispensable. This disadvantage, however, cannot be avoided, as the time of performance is limited; and besides, it is, in a great measure, remedied by our actually seeing and hearing the characters themselves, which brings us sooner acquainted with them, than if we had only read them; just as in ordinary life, an hour spent in the company of a stranger, familiarizes us with him far more than a whole day occupied in listening to an account of his manners, his character, and his person. We regret sincerely, therefore, that Miss Edgeworth has adopted for the closet, a mode of recital which is fit only for the stage.

In truth, there seems to be some peculiar quality of wit, necessary to success, in dramatic writings, which numberless authors, who excel transcendently in all other species of humorous composition, cannot attain; or, in other words, that those who can write for the eye, are often unable to write for the ear. Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, Fielding and Smollet, all of whom were admirable masters of narrative wit, failed in their

efforts at dramatic humour. Miss Edgeworth, therefore, need not feel ashamed to have failed in such good company. The fact is, she, (as well as they,) by some fatality, loses almost all her poignancy, the moment she undertakes a species of writing, which requires ten times more poignancy than any other. It is a curious circumstance too, that several authors, who are far inferior to any of the above in works of wit, which are only to be read, become greatly superior in works of wit, which are only to be represented. The causes of this apparent anomaly, we might perhaps account for; but want of room obliges us to confine our remarks to a short sketch of the three Dramas which compose the volume under our present inspection.

The first, and by many degrees, the best, represents the progress and termination of an hereditary feud between two Irish families, the M'Brides and Rooneys, both in the farming class. The principal circumstance seems borrowed from one of the most common in romance, namely, a passion subsisting between the son and daughter of the two hostile families. Mr. Gerald O'Blaney, a half-ruined distiller, but who, were the story in the hands of a high-flighted Novelist, would have been metamorphosed into a Baron mysteriously criminal, wishing to marry the daughter, in order to retrieve his fortunes, contrives to widen the breach between both families, and to produce, (instead of a battle of Shrewsbury,) a fight at a fair. Here, by the generous conduct of the hostile sons towards each other, aided by the defection of the distiller's agent in the intrigue, the several slanders and backbitings are discovered, the abuses are reconciled, the lovers are married, and the curtain drops.

We shall make one extract from this Drama, descriptive of the feudal feelings and high spirit of Mrs. Catty Rooney. Our heroic writers have often depicted those feelings and that spirit before; but we believe they are now, for the first time, done into *vulgarity*, by Miss Edgeworth.

*Catty.* No fear, I'll not give up at law, or any way, to a M'Bride, while I've a drop of blood in my veins—and its good thick Irish blood runs in these veins.

*Pat.* No doubt, Ma'am—from the kings of Ireland, as all the world knows, Ma. Rooney.

*Catty.* And the M'Brides have no blood at all—at all.

*Pat.* Not a drop, Ma'am—so they can't stand before you.

*Catty.* They *ought* not, any way!—What are they? Cromwellians at best.—Mac Brides!—Macks—Scotch!—not Irish native—at all—at all. People of yesterday, graziers and mushrooms—(mushrooms)—which tho' they've made the money, can't buy the blood.—My anshesters sat on a throne, when the M'Brides had only their *hunkers*<sup>1</sup> to sit upon; and if I walk, now when they ride, they can't look down upon

<sup>1</sup> Their *hunkers*, i. e. their hams.

me—for every body knows who I am—and what they are.

*Pat.* To be sure, Ma'am, they do—the whole country talks of nothing else but the shame when you'd be walking and they riding.

*Catty.* Then could the counsellor lend me the horse?

*Pat.* With all the pleasure in life, Ma'am, only every horse he has in the world is out of messages, and drawing turf, and one thing or another to day—and he is very sorry, Ma'am.

*Catty.* So am I then—I'm unlucky the day—But I won't be saying so, for fear of spreading ill luck on my faction.—Pray now what kind of a fair is it? Would there be any good signs of a fight, Mr. Pat Cexe?

The second Drama is altogether uninteresting. It is entitled, *The Two Guardians*, and merely consists of a struggle between a well-principled and a bad-principled guardian to obtain the guidance of an inexperienced young man of fortune. There is a sentimental black, who says *massa*, and a young lady of fashion, who washes off her rouge by way of appearing to turn pale when her lover falls from his horse; there is also an attempt at representing fashionable manners and follies, in which Miss Edgeworth is always sure to fail. It would appear to us, as if she had never spent a single day in an English house of the smallest pretension to high life.

The third Drama carries us back again to Ireland, and, of course, the author is again at home. The plot of this piece is rather silly, and the Irish humour, contrary to Miss Edgeworth's usual custom, is vulgar without wit, and overdrawn without being characteristic. Indeed, we fear, that she has almost expended her Irish humour. It has become even more monotonous than Lord Byron's eternal misanthropist. Of this, too, we are quite certain, that in all her other works, as well as in her present, she has made her Irish characters too Irish—that is, she has so obscured and provincialized their language with cant, idiom and mispronunciation, that in the course of some years, they will have ceased to possess any prototypes in Ireland at all; and we doubt whether they are not even at present unintelligible, in a great degree, to the majority of Irish readers. On the whole, we think that this is Miss Edgeworth's worst work; and we are sorry that her long protracted silence has not produced something better. We rather imagine, that her pen is like a stumbling horse—it goes safest when it travels fastest.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE of the Loss of the AMERICAN BRIG *COMMERCE*, wrecked on the Western Coast of Africa, in the month of August, 1815; with an Account of the Sufferings of her surviving Officers and Crew, who were enslaved by the wandering Arabs on the Great African Desert, or *Zaharah*, &c. By JAMES RILEY, late Master and Supercargo. 4to. New York, 1816.

The publication of this interesting work not having yet taken place in England, we extract the following account from a Quarterly Journal.

Mr. Riley was appointed master and supercargo of the brig *Commerce*, of Hartford, and sailed from the mouth of Connecticut

River on the 6th May, 1815, on a voyage to New Orleans. The vessel was nearly new, well fitted, about 220 tons' burden, and belonged to Messrs. Riley and Brown, Josiah Savage and Co. and Luther Savage of that city. Her crew consisted of George Williams, chief mate, Aaron R. Savage, second mate, William Porter, John Hogan, James Barrett, Archibald Robbins, Thomas Burns, and James Clark, seamen, Horace Savage, cabin-boy, and Richard Deslile, (a black man) cook. Having taken on board a cargo of tobacco and flour, they sailed from New Orleans on the 24th June, arrived at Gibraltar on the 9th August, and after taking in some brandies and wines, about two thousand hard dollars, and an old man named Antonio Michel, a native of New Orleans, they proceeded on the 23d for the Cape de Verd islands; passed Cape Spartel on the 24th—and, on the 28th, after much thick weather, found, by observation, that they were in lat. 27° 30'; that the current had set them 120 miles, and that they had passed the Canaries without seeing them. The dark and foggy weather increased, the sea ran high, night came on, and they suddenly found themselves among breakers, from which they in vain endeavoured to extricate themselves, and the ship struck with such violence "as to start every man from the deck." She soon bilged; but they succeeded in getting out of her hold five or six barrels of water and as many of wine, three barrels of bread, and three or four of salted provisions. All their clothing, chests, trunks, &c. were got up, and the books, charts, and sea instruments stowed in them, in the hope that they might prove useful to them in future.

Having now got a glimpse of the land at no great distance, Riley and Porter ventured into the small boat, to take a rope on shore; they were presently swamped, and covered with the billows, which, says the author, "following each other in quick succession, scarcely gave us time to catch a breath, before we were again literally swallowed by them, till at length we were thrown, together with our boat, upon a sandy beach. They fastened the rope to pieces of wood which had floated from the wreck, and which they drove into the sand. By means of this rope part of the crew got on shore with the long boat and the provisions and water; but the boat was stove against the beach; and the remainder of the crew were landed one by one with the assistance of the hawser, but not without imminent peril of their lives.

Their first care was to secure their provisions and water, "knowing it was a barren and thirsty land;" and with this view they formed a tent at fifty yards from the water's edge, by means of their oars and two steering-sails. Their next object was to repair the boats, in the hope that, when the weather moderated, they might put to sea, and by the help of the compass, find some friendly vessel, or some European settlement down the coast, or reach the Cape de Verd islands. But while thus employed, something like a human being was observed at a little distance, intent on plunder. Mr. Riley

approached him with signs of peace and friendship, but those he received in return were repulsive—however, as he appeared to be unarmed, Riley says he continued to approach him. The description of this being is so picturesque, that we cannot refrain from giving it in the author's words.

"He appeared to be about five feet seven inches high, and of a complexion between that of an American Indian and a negro. He had about him, to cover his nakedness, a piece of coarse woollen cloth that reached from below his breast nearly to his knees; his hair was long and bushy, resembling a pitch mop, sticking out every way six or eight inches from his head; his face resembled that of an orang-outang more than a human being; his eyes were red and fiery; his mouth, which stretched nearly from ear to ear, was well lined with sound teeth; and a long curling beard, which depended from his upper lip and chin down upon his breast, gave him altogether a most horrid appearance, and I could not but imagine that those well-set teeth were sharpened for the purpose of devouring human flesh; particularly as I conceived I had before seen, in different parts of the world, the human face and form in its most hideous and terrific shape. He appeared to be very old, yet fierce and vigorous; he was soon joined by two old women of similar appearance, whom I took to be his wives. These looked a little less frightful, though their two eye teeth stuck out like hog's tusks; and their tanned skins hung in loose plaits on their faces and breasts; but their hair was long and braided. A girl from eighteen to twenty, who was not ugly, and five or six children of different ages and sexes, from six to sixteen years, were also in company—these were entirely naked."—p. 50.

This grotesque group were armed with an English hammer, an axe, and long knives suspended from their necks; and they commenced an indiscriminate plunder; broke open trunks, chests, and boxes; and carried off all their clothing and bedding without any molestation, as it was deemed prudent to forbear hostilities with these wretches, weak as they were, since all escape either by sea or land was utterly impossible; their provisions, however, they were determined to defend to the last extremity.

The robbers retired towards the evening, but not before they had contrived to steal one of the sails of the tent; on departing they made signs that they would see them again in the morning.

At daylight the old Arab, according to promise, made his appearance with his two wives, and two young men; he brandished a spear as if to hurl it at the party, motioned them to the wreck, and pointed to a drove of camels that were descending the heights; towards which the women ran off, at the same time "whooping and yelling horribly, throwing up sand in the air, and beckoning to those who had charge of the camels to approach." The crew, alarmed, made for the boat, and Riley defended himself against the old man's spear, with a spar of wood; the boat, however, immediately filled and was bilged; the camels approached fast; the long-boat was launched into the water, and in her the whole crew got safe to the wreck. The camels were immediately loaded with the provisions and the tent, after which the old villain stove in the heads

of the water casks, and casks of wine, emptying their contents on the beach; he then collected all the trunks, chests, instruments, books and charts, and set fire to them in one pile. No alternative was now left, but to try the sea in their leaky boat; they attempted to shove off; but a surf struck the boat, and "nearly filling her with water, drifted her again alongside the wreck."

The Arabs now appeared to pity their deplorable situation, and made signs of peace and friendship, inviting Riley, whom they knew to be the Captain, to return to the shore. At length Riley went on shore; the women and children approached, seemed very friendly, laced their fingers within his, and made use of all the means that occurred to them likely to inspire confidence. Instantly however he found himself seized by two young men, 'who grasped his arms like lions,' and the women and children 'presented their daggers, knives and spears to his head and breast.' Their faces assumed the most horrid and malignant expression: 'they gnashed their teeth at him, and struck their daggers within an inch of every part of his head and body. The old man laid hold of his hair, and, seizing a scimitar, held it to his throat, giving him to understand there was money on board, and that it must be instantly brought on shore.

He hailed the men and told them what the savages required; accordingly a bucket was sent on shore with about one thousand dollars. The old man instantly laid hold of it, and forcing Riley to accompany him, they all went behind the sand hills to divide the spoil. In this situation Riley felt himself uneasy, and in order to regain the beach, he made signs that there was still more money remaining in the ship: this hint succeeded; and, in the idea of getting it, they allowed him again to hail his people, when, instead of money, he desired them to send the old man Antonio Michel on shore, as the only possible means left for him to effect his own escape. The Arabs, finding on his reaching the shore, that he had brought no money with him, struck him with their fists, pricked him with their sharp knives, and stripped him of all his clothes: and at this moment, while they were busy with this poor old man, Riley seized the opportunity of springing from his keepers, and plunged into the sea, he reached the lee of the wreck in safety; but the remorseless brutes wreaked their vengeance on poor Antonio, by plunging a spear into his body which laid him lifeless at their feet.

The wreck was by this time going rapidly to pieces; the long-boat withered like an old basket; they had neither provisions nor water; neither oars nor a rudder to the boat; neither compass nor quadrant to direct her course: one of the seamen, Porter, stole on shore by the hawser, and brought on board the two oars, with a small bag of money which they had buried on their first landing, containing about four hundred dollars; they also contrived to get together a few pieces of salt pork, a live pig weighing about twenty pounds, about four pounds of figs that had been soaking in the salt water since the time they were wrecked, a spar for the boat's mast, a jib and a main sail.

Every thing being ready, and every man having made up his mind that it was better to be swallowed up all together, than massacred one by one by the ferocious savages, they prepared for launching the boat through the breakers, trembling with dreadful apprehensions, and each imagining that the moment of passing the vessel's stern was to be the last of his life.

'I then said, "Let us pull off our hats, my shipmates, and companions in distress." This was done in an instant; when lifting my eyes and my soul towards Heaven, I exclaimed, "Great Creator and Preserver of the Universe, who now seest our distresses; we pray thee to spare our lives, and permit us to pass through this overwhelming surf to the open sea; but if we are doomed to perish, Thy will be done! We commit our souls to the mercy of thee our God who gave them: and Oh! Universal Father, protect and preserve our widows and children."

'The wind, as if by divine command, at this very moment ceased to blow. We hauled the boat out; the dreadful surges that were nearly bursting upon us, suddenly subsided, making a path for our boat about twenty yards wide, through which we rowed her out as smoothly as if she had been on a river in a calm, whilst on each side of us, and not more than ten yards distant, the surf continued to break twenty feet high and with unabated fury. We had to row nearly a mile in this manner: all were fully convinced we were saved by the immediate interposition of Divine Providence in this particular instance, and all joined in returning thanks to the Supreme Being for this mercy."—p. 41.

Mr. Riley, in his 'notice to the reader,' says, he was advised by a friend to suppress this fact, lest those who are not disposed to believe in the particular interposition of Divine Providence should make use of it as an argument against the correctness of the other parts of his narrative.

In this miserable boat, the eleven unfortunate beings resolved to stand out into the wide ocean, their spirits were a little revived by putting the boat about, and standing in again towards the land which they discovered on the sixth day. On approaching a small spot that bore the appearance of a sandy beach, they made for it, 'and were carried on the top of a tremendous wave, so as to be high and dry.' Their boat was now completely stove; their provisions all consumed; their limbs were benumbed and quite stiff for want of exercise; their flesh was wasted for want of sustenance; and their tongues were so stiff in their parched mouths, that it was with great difficulty they could speak to each other.

The place where they now were, as it afterwards appeared, was Cape Barbas, not far from Cape Blanco, and that near which their ship had been wrecked, Cape Bojador, some distance to the northward. Proceeding easterly, close to the water's edge, every now and then they had to clamber over ledges of rock jutting into the sea, or huge fragments that had been undermined and tumbled down; their shoes were nearly worn out; their feet lacerated and bleeding; their bodies heated, nearly to desiccation, by the scorching rays of the sun; they were without water, without provisions, and almost without a breath of air.

They advanced but four miles during the

whole day, without any prospect of being able to ascend the cliffs, and halted at a piece of sand favourable for sleeping upon.

On awaking, on the morning of the 9th September, Riley, after a long search, discovered a path which brought him to the summit; but his surprise and disappointment may be better imagined than expressed when a wide expanse of uniform barrenness opened full before him, extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach; he sickened at the sight,—his spirits fainted within him, he fell senseless to the earth, and for some time knew not where he was; 'despair, (he says) now seized on me, and I resolved to cast myself into the sea as soon as I could reach it, and put an end to my life and miseries together.' At this moment the reflexion that so many fellow creatures looked up to him for an example of fortitude and resignation, and the recollection of his wife and children bursting upon his mind, roused him to fresh exertions; he walked down to the sea-shore, and having bathed himself for half an hour, felt much refreshed, and rejoined his party. With heavy hearts and tottering limbs they left the beach, but when they had actually surveyed the dry and dreary waste, stretching out to an immeasurable extent before their eyes, the greater part lay down with a determination to die on the spot; but by the assistance and persuasions of Hogan, Williams and Savage, they were induced to proceed along the edge of the cliffs.

On the approach of evening the last ray of hope began to fade away, and the gloom of despair had taken possession of every heart, when Clark called out, a light!—"It was the light of a fire." This at once revived their spirits and diffused new life into all the crew.

After an anxious and sleepless night, they all went forward towards the place where the light had been seen, and soon discovered a large drove of camels, and a company of Arabs busied in watering them; one man and two women ran towards them; the shipwrecked mariners bowed themselves to the ground with every mark of submission, and by signs implored their compassion; but the fellow, being armed with a naked scimitar, made as if he would cut them down, and, assisted by the women, began to strip off their clothing. Other Arabs speedily came up, yelling and throwing sand in the air, and the whole party was presently stripped naked to the skin.

The Arabs themselves had as little to eat as their prisoners; they consisted of about one hundred persons, men, women, and children; and their camels, large and small, from four to five hundred. They now separated into two parties; Mr. Williams, Robbins, Porter, Hogan, Barrett and Burns, mounted on the bare backs of the camels, behind the hump, going off with one party towards the Desert; Riley, Mr. Savage, Clark, Horace, and Dick the black cook remaining with the other. The skins being filled with nauseous water, and the baskets tied on, in which the women and children were placed, the latter party also began to mount the sand hills up the gully,



but the prisoners were obliged to drive the camels on foot, naked as they were, in a scorching sun, sinking to the knee at every step, or the sharp craggy rocks cutting their naked feet; and if they attempted to stop, they were forced on by the application of a stick to their sore backs by their unfeeling drivers, who only laughed at their misery and amused themselves by whipping them forward.

"This was the first time I had attempted to walk barefoot since I was a schoolboy; we were obliged to keep up with the camels, running over the stones, which were nearly as sharp as gun-flints, and cutting our feet to the bone at every step. It was here that my fortitude and philosophy failed to support me; I cursed my fate aloud, and wished I had rushed into the sea before I gave myself up to these merciless beings in human forms—it was now too late. I would have put an immediate end to my existence, but had neither knife nor any other weapon with which to perform the deed. I searched for a stone, intending, if I could find a loose one sufficiently large, to knock out my own brains with it; but searched in vain. This paroxysm passed off in a minute or two, when reason returned, and I recollected that my life was in the hand of the Power that gave it, and 'that the Judge of all the earth would do right.'" p. 74.

From this time, Riley observes, in all his future trials and sufferings, he never once murmured, but determined to keep up his spirits, and, by precept and practice, endeavoured to persuade his unhappy comrades to do the same. About midnight they halted in a small dell or valley from fifteen to twenty feet below the surface of the Desert, after travelling, as he thinks, about forty miles. Here, for the first time, they got about a pint of pure camel's milk each, which, he says, "warmed our stomachs, quenched our thirst in some measure, and allayed, in a great degree, the cravings of hunger." The wind was chilling cold; they lay on sharp stones, perfectly naked, their bodies blistered and mangled; the stones piercing their naked flesh to the ribs—these distressing sufferings, added to their sad desponding reflexions that would obtrude themselves, rendered the night long and dismal, and none of them closed their eyes.

On the morning of the 11th, a pint of milk was divided among four, being just enough to wet their mouths. They soon came to another small valley, where tents were pitched, and about one hundred and fifty people of all ages and both sexes assembled. Here it appeared they were to be separated, Clark being given to one party, Horace to another, and Riley, with the Cook, remaining with their first master.

On the 20th they made a turn towards the N. W. or sea shore, and when they halted, two strangers came up, each having a double harrelled gun; one of the women told Riley it was Sidi Hamet and his brother, from the Sultan's dominions, who had come with blankets and blue cloth to sell.

Sidi Hamet was an Arab trader, in whom avarice had not altogether subdued the feelings of humanity. After questioning Riley very closely as to his hopes of redemption at Suara or Mogadore, and what money he would ensure his receiving on being carried

thither—after much hesitation and a great deal of bargaining, he at length concluded a purchase of him from the old Arab, who had claimed him as his slave; and after many entreaties and assurances of a good round sum of money, he was also induced to purchase Horace, Clark, and Savage, but would have nothing to say to Hogan. Sidi Hamet now caused an old meagre camel to be killed, which he had purchased for a blanket. A vein in his neck was first opened close to his breast; the blood was received into a kettle, placed over the fire and boiled, stirring it all the time, till it became thick and of the consistence of bullock's liver—"our appetites," says Riley, "were voracious, and we soon filled our stomachs with this, to us delicious food."

Riley was now furnished with a check shirt, which Sidi told him he had stolen for him; Clark had met with a piece of an old sail that partly covered him; Burns had procured an old jacket, and Horace and Mr. Savage had obtained goat skins. The distance travelled on the 27th could not be less, Riley says, than 63 miles—yet, for eighteen days the camels had not tasted a drop of water.

On the morning of the 29th, they proceeded in the same direction.

On the evening of the 1st October, they met with a drove of camels, which had been watering to the northward; by these people they were conducted to a shallow valley, where about fifty tents were pitched; here the ground was in many places covered with short moss, and here and there a few small shrubs. The next day the whole party moved to the northward.

On the night of the 5th they thought they heard the roaring of the sea, which, the next day, was confirmed by Sidi Hamet.

On the 11th after travelling nearly seventy miles, they reached a cluster of bushes which they had seen from a great distance looking like an island in the midst of a lake; here they found some brackish water. On reaching the height they perceived the sea at a distance on their left, the sight of which revived their drooping spirits. They descended the heights, and now travelled along the seashore.

On the 17th, still travelling along the seashore, on the sloping bank which rose from the sandy beach, they observed the black tops of high mountains in the distant horizon towards the east. On this day they met with the first signs of cultivation, and at night enjoyed the luxury of sleeping on a heap of straw.

On the 19th they passed a few rough stone huts, and a stream of clear water 'purling over a pebbly bottom'; its banks were covered with green bushes and shrubs in full blossom: beyond this were cows, asses, and sheep feeding, and date trees adorning and shading the margin of the rivulet—so sudden and unexpected a change threw them into raptures.

Here Sidi Hamet told them he should depart for Mogadore, leaving them in the custody of Seid and another Arab of the name of Bo-Mohammed—and that Riley must write a letter to his friend at Suara,

desiring him to pay the money for the ransom of himself and people, when they should be free; 'if not,' said he, 'you must die for having deceived me, and your men shall be sold for what they will bring;' he added, 'I have fought for you, have suffered hunger, thirst, and fatigue, for I believe that God is with you—I have paid away all my money on your word alone.' A scrap of paper, a reed, and some black liquor was then brought to Riley, who wrote briefly the circumstances of the loss of the ship, his captivity, &c., adding, 'worn down to the bone by the most dreadful of all sufferings—naked, and a slave—I implore your pity, and trust that such distress will not be suffered to plead in vain.' The letter was addressed 'to the English, French, Spanish, or American Consuls, or any Christian Merchants in Mogadore.' The anxiety of the captives may well be imagined. For seven days after Sidi Hamet's departure, they were shut up in a yard during the day, where cows, sheep, and asses rested; and locked up at night in a dreary cellar.

On the evening of the eighth day, a Moor came into the inclosure, and brought them a letter. 'I felt,' says Riley, 'as if my heart was forcing its way up into my throat, and it entirely obstructed my breath—I broke it open; but my emotions were such, that it was impossible for me to read its contents, and I handed it to Mr. Savage; for my frame trembled to such a degree, that I could not stand, and I sunk to the earth.' The letter was from 'William Willshire, the English Consul;' it told them that he had agreed to the demands of Sidi Hamet, whom he kept as an hostage for their safe appearance: that the bearer, Rais Bel-Cossim, would conduct them to Mogadore. This Bel-Cossim was the very man who purchased Adams at Wed-noon. He also sent them various kinds of provisions, cloaks and shoes. Thus accoutred and fortified, they set out under their new conductor.

On the 30th October they crossed the Wod-Sehlem, or river Sehlem, and the town Sehlemah. On their arrival at a walled city called Stuka, which might contain about five thousand souls, Scheik Ali procured from the chief, Muley Ibrahim, an order for their detention, under pretence that they were the slaves of Sidi Hamet, his son-in-law, who was indebted to him in a large sum of money; and it was not before the 4th November that they were able to procure their release. After a fatiguing and perilous journey they came in sight of Mogadore, where English colours were floating in the harbour, and the American flag in the city.—"At this blessed and transporting sight," exclaims Riley, "the little blood remaining in my veins, gushed through my glowing heart with wild impetuosity, and seemed to pour a flood of new life through every part of my exhausted frame." They were presently met by Mr. Willshire, whose kind reception and commiseration for their sufferings does honour to human nature. He took each man by the hand, welcomed them to life and liberty, "while tears trickled down his manly cheeks, and the sudden rush of all the generous and sympathetic

feelings of his heart nearly choked his utterance." Mr. Riley describes the meeting as so affecting, that Rais Bel-Cosmish wept and hid himself behind a wall, that none might witness so degrading and womanish a weakness in a Moor.

Mr. Willshire conducted them to his house, had them all cleansed, clothed, and fed, and spared no pains nor expense in procuring every comfort, and in administering with his own hands, night and day, such refreshment as their late severe sufferings and debility required. A fact is mentioned which describes better than a whole volume could do the miserable condition to which these unfortunate men were reduced. "At the instance of Mr. Willshire," Riley says, "I was weighed, and fell short of ninety pounds, though my usual weight, for the last ten years, had been over two hundred and forty pounds: the weight of my companions was less than I dare to mention, for I apprehend it would not be believed, that the bodies of men, retaining the vital spark, should not weigh forty pounds!"

The reflections to which the horrors of his late sufferings and slavery and his providential escape from them gave rise, kept him almost constantly bathed in tears, for the greater part of a month. We must conclude with one more extract:

"When I had retired to rest and sleep had closed my eyes, my mind, still retaining the strong impression of my past sufferings, made them the subjects of my dreams. I used to rise in my sleep, and think I was driving camels up and down the sand hills near the Desert, or along the craggy steeps of Morocco; obeying my master's orders in putting on the fetters, or becketts, on the legs and knees of his camels, and in the midst of my agonizing toils and heart-sickening anxieties, while groping about my room, I would hit my head against something, which would startle and awaken me: then I would throw myself on my bed again to sleep, and dream and act over similar scenes." (p. 310.)

*JOURNAL of an ENGLISH TRAVELLER, from 1814 to 1816; or Memoirs and Anecdotes of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS of WALES, with Letters, &c.*

This curious production, which is written by one in the suite of the Princess of Wales, is evidently intended to create a prepossession in favour of her Royal Highness, and as a defence against the vague reports which have been lately circulated.

As it is most probably already in the hands of many of our readers, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to an extract from the Introduction, and leave the reader to draw from it what conclusion he pleases.

"The name of Caroline of Brunswick holds too conspicuous a place in the history of the present times, not to excite the most lively interest in persons of every rank. The extraordinary vicissitudes experienced by this celebrated woman, and which even at this moment occupy the attention of all Europe, constitute an historical subject of the first importance.

When astonishing events occur to great personages, they usually form epochs in the annals of history. Such is the situation of the Princess, who by the circumstances of her

public and private life must be rendered an object of general curiosity, both to her contemporaries and posterity. The various passages of her life are all of consequence; for it often happens, that events of little moment in themselves become important from the eminence of those personages to whom they relate.

The records of all times abound with memoirs and anecdotes of Princesses who have distinguished themselves by their particular merits, but I believe no one ever deserved a more honourable place in the annals of history than the Princess of Wales, whether we regard her elevated rank or the memorable facts she has witnessed.

After the well known reverses which brought her character in question, her Royal Highness resolved to quit England and return to Brunswick. While there, she conceived the project of an extended tour; and it happened that a short time after the travelling mania seized me also, being at that time an epidemic among my countrymen. I freely confess, that I was chiefly induced to this resolution by an irresistible desire to follow the footsteps, and observe the conduct, of the Princess of WALES. I took so much interest in this employment, that I constituted myself a most strict and attentive observer of all her proceedings: nothing escaping me that could interest either the public or myself. Moreover, setting my characteristic curiosity aside—a woman called to the throne of England, and celebrated equally for her misfortunes and elevation of soul, a woman who knows how to excel in every thing, and who travels in foreign countries, forsaking the luxuries of a Court, necessarily forms a great and interesting subject for the historian.

I knew her Royal Highness and her Court at London, being ignorant of nothing that was either said or thought there. Divers groundless opinions have been formed of her conduct, which have vanished in succession, leaving nothing constant but the attachment of the people of England to her person, and her own firmness and imperturbability in the delicate and perilous situation into which she was precipitated by a powerful cabal.

What I propose to communicate cannot, I think, be unwelcome to the public—that is to say, the substance of the notes which I have taken with so much care, and the result of my observations on the motives which determined her Royal Highness to quit the Court—on her travels, and the changes which have taken place in her suite, on her domestic system, on the persons by whom she is surrounded, and whom it has pleased her to distinguish in Italy, and finally, on various anecdotes during her travels and her abode in the country last mentioned.

Attached neither to person nor to party, I am the friend of truth, and at once a censor and apologist, without projects and without passion. I am an Englishman; and after that, who will suspect me of adulation? I propose to myself, by well attested facts, to establish a just opinion of her Royal Highness in regard to the various accidents which have befallen her, and to ground it faithfully on truth and circumstances.

On the 9th August, 1814, the Princess embarked at the seaport of Worthing, in an English frigate, called the *Jason*, to return by way of Hamburg, to Brunswick. Lady Charlotte Lindsey, and Lady Elizabeth Forbes, were her Maids of Honour. Mr. St. Leger was her Chamberlain; and she had also for Chamberlains, Mr. William Gell and Mr. Craven; her Equerry was Captain Hess; her Physician, Dr. Holland; Mr. Sicard, a German, was her Major-domo; Mr. Jeronimus, a German, her Messenger; Philip Cravel, a German, her page; his wife an English-woman, was a domestic; and there were two Chambermaids, also Germans. There was no English man-servant, except a young postilion, called Charles Hartop, who at Naples was made her coachman. The foregoing individuals composed the suite of the Princess when she quitted England. Mr. St. Leger, being prevented by family affairs, and an ill state of health, from journeying further, only accompanied her Royal Highness to Brunswick. Lady Charlotte Lindsey repaired to the Spa, either to join her sister, Lady Glenbervie, or on account of her health. She rejoined the Princess at Naples, who after four months' abode in that town, quitted it, on account of the expence and the approaching political changes, and repaired, towards the end of March, to Genoa. Lady Elizabeth Forbes, desiring to see her sister in England, returned there and left Lady Charlotte Lindsey with the Princess. Mr. Craven was obliged to return to Germany on family affairs, and in order to meet his mother, the Margravine of Anspach. Mr. William Gell, being attacked by the gout, could not remain with the Princess any longer; and asked for a few months' leave of absence. Captain Hess was obliged to join his regiment, in consequence of war being resumed. The Princess finding herself without an English Chamberlain, wrote to Mr. St. Leger to join her at Genoa, with his family; at the same time offering the post of Maid of Honour to his daughter. Her Royal Highness dispatched many letters to press this arrangement, but he declined, alleging his ill health as the reason. The Princess then offered a place to Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, who were at Naples; but they also refused, pleading the different purpose of their travelling. From the same motives of health, Mr. William Rose, the brother of the English Minister at Berlin, refused to join her Royal Highness. Mr. Davenport also refused, saying, that he must return to England. In the same way, Mr. Hartop, cousin to Mr. Brougham, set out for England, to see his family. At Naples Her Royal Highness was obliged to part with Dr. Holland; with Mr. North, brother of Lady Charlotte Lindsey; with Mrs. Falconet, the wife of her banker, who wished to visit her children in Switzerland. Mr. North and Lady Charlotte Lindsey left the Princess at Leghorn, to return to their parents in England. At Genoa, the Princess found Lady Glenbervie, her former Lady of Honour, with her Lord, who remained with the Princess seven weeks. The Princess sent for Captain Hannam from England, to be her private Secretary, who joined her at Genoa, and still forms a part

of her establishment. The *Clorinda* frigate brought Lady Charlotte Campbell and family, consisting of six young ladies, to Genoa from Nice. The Princess engaged a lodging for them and their Governess, at her own expense, while Lady Charlotte remained with her at her palace."

DE L'EDUCATION, OU EMILE CORRIGE: par M. Biret, Juge-de-Paix à la Rochelle. From a French Paper.

Poor Rousseau has always had very formidable adversaries; and it may even be said that he is indebted to them for all his glory. By attacking him on his own ground and with his own weapons, namely, the warmth, eloquence, and constant perfection of his style, they have defeated him, but they have likewise given him publicity. Had it not been for them, who would have read, or who would still read Rousseau's works? Such writers are to blame for all the celebrity they have conferred on him. Unfortunate during his life-time,—"Il ne lui manquait plus pour dernière misère," except to be cited after his death, before la Rochelle, Tribunal of Peace, where M. Biret holds with a free and firm hand the scales of justice and the sceptre of literature. Thanks to him, the sanctuary of *Themis* has likewise become the temple of Taste.

M. Biret informs us that he has already published a vast number of celebrated works: he does not however mention their titles.

Having made useless inquiries in Paris, we have just written to la Rochelle in order to procure them. The departments should not be permitted thus exclusively to appropriate writings, which constitute the delight of the capital, and the glory of their author.

His glory cannot certainly be increased after having realized his plan of correcting the *Emile*. M. Biret, in the book before us, points out the dreadful consequences of neglected education. "My plan, he says, will be general. I neither intend it for a particular class or a particular country. I endeavour to render it suitable to men of all ranks and all nations, who possess the means of enjoying a liberal education." This is the aim of all great writers. They cannot confine themselves within the limits of time or place, they write for the universe and for posterity.

Chance having ordained that the works of Rousseau should be circulated through the whole world, it is necessary that the remedy should be as universal as the evil, the extent of which must be manifest to every one. Rousseau has partisans among the Wechabites on the banks of the Red Sea, and admirers among the warriors of Nepal: there is not a moment to be lost. Fortunately every port is open; and M. Biret's antidote may be conveyed to every spot where the poison circulates. The worthy merchants of la Rochelle, whose disinterestedness is displayed in all enterprizes by which any thing may be gained, will load their vessels with copies of the *Emile Corrigé*, and M. Biret has managed matters so well, that it is more probable there will be a want of readers for his works, than of his works for readers.

Having defeated Rousseau, M. Biret will not stop there. Voltaire, it is said, will supply him with a new triumph. It is certain that so successful a league has been formed against this philosophical Poet, that four complete editions of his works have lately been carried off by subscription. M. Biret is, however, preparing for him a more dreadful blow. By equalling him in *épopée*, by surpassing him in tragedy and romance, in history and fugitive poetry, M. Biret trusts he shall render him effectually disgusting: though this cannot justly be termed rashness, yet it will place the public in a cruel state of embarrassment, for one cannot admire all, nor possess all, and who will dare to choose between M. Biret and Voltaire?

## POLITE LITERATURE.

SGRICCI THE CELEBRATED IMPROVISATORE. (See our 9th and 10th Nos.)

Signor Tommaso Sgricci lately gave a remarkable proof of his poetical talents, in the Theatre *Sutera* at Turin. He improvised first a Canzone in blank verse, the subject of which was "The Predictions of Cassandra;" then an Elogy, in stanzas of three verses, on the Death of *Françoise de Rimini*; and, lastly, a Tragedy, the subject of which, decided, as usual, by lots, was "Atræus and Thyestes." The astonishing rapidity with which this poet chooses the place and time of action, creates the character, and plans the story; the energy of the thoughts, the splendor of the images, the harmony of the verse, the elevation of style in the choruses, and the gloomy and tragic character of the denouement, were a subject of unceasing admiration to the audience, which burst forth in the most rapturous acclamations.

We embrace with pleasure this opportunity to announce that Signor Sgricci has obtained in all the great cities in Italy, splendid testimonies of the esteem due to his admirable talent. The Philharmonic Society of Milan, the Musical Society of Bologna, and the Academy of Pesaro, have, among others, given him magnificent gold medals, to perpetuate the memory of his brilliant successes. That of Bologna, which is of the most exquisite workmanship, bears the following inscription:—"Societas Bononiensis ad æroamata, 1816; and on the reverse, *Th. Sgriccio Domo atretio annor. XXIII. Lyr. traged. ix. extemp. pang. fid. omnium supergresso.*"

<sup>1</sup> Our readers will recollect that this event has furnished Dante with one of his finest episodes.

## PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCES.

### AGRICULTURE.

The following economical plan for planting potatoes has appeared in the *Belgie Journal*.

At the present period of scarcity every method for encreasing the cheapness of provisions must be regarded as a public benefit. It is well known that thick potatoe-parings will produce as good a crop as if the roots were planted whole. Many agriculturists are not however aware that the little knots or joints on the stalks which spring up from the potatoes, which are generally reserved by the Dutch Farmers for feeding cattle, and deposited in holes dug for that purpose, are as fruitful as potatoes of the fullest growth. It may not therefore be useless at the present time, to inform cultivators who are in want of potatoes to plant their fields, and have not the means of purchasing large quantities, that they may derive certain assistance from these little joints or knots which may be procured from the Farmers at a very trifling expense.

### GEOLOGY.

ANALYSIS OF MR. BAKEWELL'S LESSONS, NOW DELIVERING AT THE ARGYLE ROOMS.

The planet on which we are destined to reside, presents subjects of inquiry as curious and instructive as any which are afforded by the other sciences, though it is only within the space of the last fifty years that the attention of philosophers has been directed to geological investigations. The science is new, and the following sketch of Mr. Bakewell's lessons on Geology, which are now delivering at the Argyle Rooms to an audience of the highest respectability, may not be unacceptable to our readers. Mr. Bakewell began by taking a view of the grand features of physical Geography, as they would be presented by the appearance of the earth, if we were removed to such a distance from it as to have the whole hemisphere for our horizon. Geology, he defined to be a branch of physical Geography, which proposes to make us acquainted with the structure, composition, and arrangement of the solid materials that form the surface of the globe, and with the changes which it has undergone since the first appearance of organic beings. He explained by models and drawings the arrangement of the different beds rising from under each other, from the eastern side of our island to the western hills; and described the principal animal remains which characterise the most remarkable rocks and strata; observing that the stratum of blue lime-stone and clay, called *lias*, which extends from Dorsetshire into Yorkshire, appears to be the lowest which contains the remains of vertebrated animals, and particularly of oviparous quadrupeds. As we come to the uppermost strata, we meet with more perfect forms of animated beings, some of them resembling existing genera and species. The inferences which he drew from these appearances were, first, that our present continents had been covered for ages by the ocean; secondly, that all the strata containing organic remains had been formed in succession over each other. The proof of this resting on the fact, that distinct genera and species of animals are confined to particular strata, and not intermixed together. Some striking specimens of the strata, illustrative of this, were produced; thirdly, each stratum containing organic remains was once the uppermost crust of the



globe, however deep it may be at present, or with whatever strata it may now be covered. He adverted to the remarkable fact that no human bones had been found in the regular strata: those instances where such bones had been presented were, he observed, diptive. The skeleton from Guadalupe is imbedded in a sand-stone precisely similar to what has been found in St. Ives' Bay, on the northern coast of Cornwall, by an inundation of sand in the 12th century. This sand has since become consolidated, and agrees in all its characters with the sand-stone from Guadalupe. At the conclusion of the lesson Mr. Bakewell observed, that as each past revolution of the globe appeared to have been followed by a creation of more perfect animals, and lastly, by that of man: hence, said he, may we not infer that future revolutions will be succeeded by animals possessing still higher powers, and by a race of beings more perfect than man himself? We are too apt to identify our own existence with that of the globe, without considering that more than three-fourths of it at present are not habitable by man, and for a succession of periods, called in the sacred history, days, various tribes of animals existed and preceded the creation of man. The proudest labour of man cannot effect so much in changing the great features of the globe as those of the humblest Zoophytes; these raise up rocks and islands from unfathomable depths of the sea, which may remain when the next great terrestrial revolution shall sweep away the human race, and the very memory of man from the earth. These lessons having excited considerable interest, the mode of illustration adopted being in many respects new, and much of the information derived from Mr. Bakewell's own observations, we propose giving a further account of them as they proceed.

## PROGRESS OF THE ARTS.

### LITHOGRAPHY.

MR. EDITOR,—I have not had the pleasure of seeing any specimens of the Lithographic Art, nor am I acquainted with its process, farther than from the interesting extract of Mr. Engelmann's Report, in last week's Literary Gazette. On the perusal of that paper, however, it occurred to me, as not improbable, that an artist, acquainted with the chemical affinities, might prepare, or cause to be prepared, an artificial mass, which might possess all the required properties of the calcareous stones now used by Lithographers. If this were practicable, is it not likely that the artificial production would be found, in many instances, superior to the natural stone? All inequalities of surface might be guarded against, in the manufacture; and the mass might be prepared of any given size. I am, &c.

A LOVER OF THE ARTS.

### POETRY.

Epitaph for the Hon. THOMAS ERSKINE, (now Lord Erskine) when he shall be pleased to die. By the late RICHARD BALL, Esq. Written at North Court, Isle of Wight, 1793.

Here lies a man, who never lied before,  
A lawyer too, which makes the wonder more.

N. B. The party at NORTH COURT agreed to write each other's epitaphs.

In pleading subtle, but in language clear,  
Strong without rage, and decent tho' severe.  
Whose manly sense gave vigour to the laws,  
Whose sterling wit, from wisdom forced  
applause,  
Whose eagle eye guilt shuddered to behold,  
Whose plaintive voice, made bashful merit bold.  
With nice discernment, sifting every matter  
Like honey, dropt his praise, like gall his satire,  
Firm to his purpose, steady to the end,  
No courts could bias, whom no frowns could  
bend,  
The poor man's advocate, the needy's friend.  
When such thy triumph, and when such men  
bleed,  
Thy victory, O grave, is great indeed!

### ON BEING TOLD TO REMEMBER.

"Remember!" Yes, time shall not take  
Thy image from my breast;  
"Remember!" Yes, till life forsake  
That heart thou oft hast blest.  
"Remember!" Yes, when bright-eyed morn  
Brings joy to all but me;  
When fancy points where bliss was born,  
Then I'll remember thee.  
"Remember!" Yes, at noon-tide hour,  
And when the dews of eve  
Embalm each fading, transient flow'r,  
That smiled but to deceive.  
"Remember!" Yes, when midnight-star  
Gleams on the ocean's swell,  
And hears that voice, though distant far,  
Which sighs to friends, farewell!

M.

### PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD.—The Mineralogical Lectures, on the structure and composition of the Earth, commenced on Tuesday last, and will be delivered four days a week, during this and the following term. The University have determined, in full convocation, to petition both Houses of Parliament against the repeal of the Catholic restrictions.

On the 4th and 7th of May the following Degrees were conferred: M. A. Revds. G. I. Bevan, Worcester; J. Hammond, Merton; A. Creighton, Fellow of Lincoln; J. Salter, Christ Church; J. F. Jones, H. Brendon, and S. Booth, Balliol.

B. D. Revd. C. J. Urquhart, Fellow of Magdalen.

B. A. W. Gordon, Exeter, Grand Compounder; M. W. Bennet, Pembroke, Ditto; W. Scott, Christ Church, Esqrs.; Messrs. J. Dobree, Pembroke; A. A. Colville, H. Forster, G. Evans, H. L. Bennet, Christ Church; R. Ford, G. Hallett, Trinity; R. F. Follett, R. S. Cox, Exeter; J. Carne, T. Cleave, Oriol; T. Farbank, J. Connor, Lincoln; W. Anderson, St. Mary Hall; R. Butler, J. Paul, Balliol; L. Gilding, T. Clarke, Brazen-Nose.

B. C. L. W. B. Bell, Fellow of St. John's. The Rev. H. Lewis is elected Fellow of Corpus Christi.

CAMBRIDGE.—No Graduations during the past week.

OXFORD.—Degrees of B. A. have been conferred on the Hon. T. J. Noel, Trinity; Messrs.

D. Hughes, All-Souls; F. Laurent, St. Alban Hall; G. A. Montgomery, Oriol; J. L. Jeans, Pembroke; H. Larkins and G. B. Panton, University; C. Griffith, Wadham; J. Henderson and O. Cave, Balliol; H. Jones, Jesus; J. A. Partridge and T. Morris, Brazen-Nose; R. Brodie, and R. C. Dillon, St. Edmund Hall.

CAMBRIDGE.—A petition has been agreed on, at a congregation, to the House of Lords against any further concessions to the Catholics.

The Rev. Robert Tyrwhitt, of Jesus, has bequeathed 4000l. in the Navy 5 per Cents. to the University for the promotion of Hebrew learning.

Mr. H. Harding, of King's, is admitted Fellow of that Society.

Degrees of B. C. L. have been conferred on Revds. R. Bere, Magdalen; G. L. Benson, Trinity; and J. M. Colson, Jesus: those of B. A. on Messrs. W. A. Fitzhugh, Trinity; H. Lloyd and H. B. Greene, Corpus Christi.

### BATH LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 17.—Mrs. Grose favoured the Society with some specimens of the *Cicada mannaferens*, or locust of New South Wales, and likewise of the wild honey or manna deposited by that animal on a large forest tree called the *Eucalyptus*. This insect continues but a short time in its winged state: it was first observed in November 1800, by Colonel Paterson, in the pupa state, and on the same day it appeared with its wings through an opening in the back of the outer covering; it was then in a very weak state, and slowly left its original abode. The rapidity with which the insect enlarges after this, is surprising; in the course of a few hours it can fly to the top of the tallest *eucalyptus*, which generally grows to the height of sixty or seventy feet. On this tree Colonel Paterson first discovered the manna in great quantities, apparently produced by these insects. It may be collected both in a liquid and in a saccharine state: the inhabitants gathered it, and used it for some time as sugar, but soon discovered that it possessed in some degree the quality of manna. The extraordinary noise these little creatures make is deserving of notice: the males first begin with a note similar to that of the land-rail, and repeat it for several times; at length the females join, when the combination of notes exactly resembles the noise of grinding knives or razors; and hence the insect is popularly known by the name of the razor-grinder. It makes its appearance about the end of November, and early in January deposits its eggs in the ground. The larva is perfect in September, when it is formed into the pupa, in which state it remains until November. There is a species of the insect in New South Wales of the same appearance, and which makes the same sort of noise, but produces no manna.

Mr. Eckersall observed that the locust, when used as food, contracts the usual period of life, and induces that cutaneous affection of winged insects generated on the surface of the body, producing universal ulceration.

### ROYAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

Public Sitting of the four Academies.

On Thursday the 24th of April the Institute held its annual meeting in the midst of the most brilliant and numerous concourse of spectators that has been seen there for many years.

Each of the four academies, represented by one of its members, appeared successively at the tribunal. The turn of presiding on this occasion belonging to the *Academy of Belles Lettres*, Mr. Pastoret, its president, opened the sitting by a discourse, in which he briefly in-

dedicated the object of the meeting, and the motives of public joy, which had caused it to be fixed for the anniversary of the King's return to his kingdom. M. Raoul-Rochette, of the *Academy of Belles Lettres*, delivered a speech which might have been called a pleading, for the *advantages of Erudition*. He clearly demonstrated what did not seem to need demonstration, that solid studies are very useful in the cultivation of letters; he went too far in attempting to prove, that genius cannot do without erudition. We never heard that Shakespeare, Tasso or Corneille were profoundly learned, notwithstanding their genius, which nobody will dispute.

M. Rossel, of the *Academy of Sciences*, delivered a discourse on the "progress of Navigation," in which he showed himself equally versed in the practice and the theory of the art, which, perhaps, does the most honour to human courage and genius.

M. Girodet, of the *Academy of Arts*, read a discourse on "Originality in the Arts," which was listened to with great pleasure and attention, though the orator's intention to appear full of his subject was rather too apparent. The variety of colours, images and figures, lavished without much discrimination in this piece of eloquence, which was rather too academical, was found natural in an orator, who is also a painter. If M. Girodet's pen is not so correct as his pencil, it would be unjust to reproach him on this account. Many professed men of letters do not write better than M. Girodet, and it would be difficult to find one who paints as well as he does.

The sitting was terminated in a brilliant manner by M. de Fontanes, of the *French Academy*, who recited, or rather declaimed from memory, an Ode, *On the Violation of the Royal Sepulchres of St. Denis*.

#### LETTERS ON IRELAND.

SIR,—At a period when the state of the nation demands the utmost attention of the Legislature, and when plans are daily suggested for the benefit of this country, it seems strange to me, that no corresponding attempts are made in favour of Ireland,—a country, upon whose prosperity so much of our own must depend. Most people seem to consider, that Emancipation would settle every thing; that the restrictions at present imposed on the Catholics constitute her sole grievance, and that these once abolished, happiness, loyalty and peace would be the inevitable result. In my opinion, Sir, emancipation forms but one among the many causes of her discontent and inferiority; and with your permission, I shall endeavour in this and subsequent letters, to enumerate the rest.

Most of her misfortunes, I do not hesitate to say, arise from the state of depression in which her lower ranks are unhappily held. The landlord, unwilling to resign his feudal customs, still considers his tenant as his vassal. He forgets that there is a reciprocity of obligation between the master and the dependant—he forgets that authority has its duties, and obedience its feelings. By depressing the spirit of the peasant, he teaches him to be abject, and in depriving him of self-respect, leaves him open to dishonour. But would he counsel as well as command him; would he teach him the decencies and proprieties of life, this poor creature, ever intelligent and grateful, would

be governed by his affections instead of his fears; and in losing the necessity of being vicious, would adopt the expediency of being virtuous.

But the landholder is even more oppressive than the landlord. Not deriving his ground direct from its inheritor, but from the last of several intermediate landlords, he necessarily pays an exorbitant rent, because each of the middlemen must have a separate profit. What is the consequence? To make it lucrative, he divides it into small lots, which he lets to the cottier at an enormous rent, and then hires his labour at a miserable pittance. Needy, he cannot enrich him; ignorant, he cannot instruct him; transitory, he cannot attach him. Hence the peasant, unable to better his condition, thinks not of comfort, but of subsistence, and knows little beyond the negative happiness of relieved want. Idleness is his wealth; he migrates hither at the harvest, to earn a single guinea, while his children, instead of being bred, as here, to some regular occupation, run about half naked, or, at most, gather manure to assist the rent. But this mischievous system of middlemen is on the decline, and clauses of non-alienation are far more frequent than formerly.

Another misfortune with regard to Ireland, is the disproportionate excess of the mob, over all the other classes of the community. The cause is generally, and, I think, justly, attributed to their peculiar food, potatoes; which, it is ascertained, can support, on an equal quantity of land, and at an equal expense, three or four times as many persons as corn can do. Consequently this class of the people must augment in an adequate proportion; for it is a fact well elucidated by Sir James Stuart, Dr. Adam Smith, and Mr. Malthus, that population increases or declines, according to the means of subsisting it. In Ireland, this excess, though in some respects pernicious, is a proof of the general prosperity, because moral causes must conspire with physical, to produce the exuberance: there must be commerce as well as soil, industry as well as abundance, and a demand for men must accompany the facility of subsisting them. Poverty, however, is the inevitable evil, because, as the claimants for labour and for land increase, wages must fall, and rents rise.

In fact, the wages of the labourer have hardly risen, on an average, one penny per day during the last fifteen years, though the necessities of life are now one-third dearer. In Ireland, there are three sorts of labourers. The cottier, who gets his house, garden, half an acre of ground, grass and hay for a cow, &c., at the annual sum of three or four pounds. His wages are something more than sixpence a day, and though these have not risen, neither has his rent; and therefore his means of subsistence are but little lessened by the rise of times. The second sort of labourer is he who binds himself to work through the whole year at about a shilling a day. His pittance, though certain, is scanty, and a dear year ruins him. The third sort stands in market to be hired; and as his being employed depends upon occasional exigencies, his wages are higher than those of the others; but half

his time is idle. This class, which is numerous, exhibits a sad instance of the ill effects resulting from excessive population. Perhaps the advancement of agriculture would the most effectually rectify this disproportion of ranks. For the more land that is allotted to grain, the less can be spared to potatoes. The latter, therefore, would become dearer, and the former would at last constitute part of the peasant's subsistence. Thus the cottiers, though less numerous than at present, would become more useful and more comfortable, while the yeomen, (that useful class, so rare in Ireland,) would increase in numbers and in wealth.

HIBERNICUS.

#### FRENCH MANNERS.

(Mœurs Françaises.)

BY M. JOUR.

Bayonne, March 1, 1817.

It was late when we left the abode of the Solitary to get into the high-road; we were accompanied by a dozen of *Cousiots*, mounted on their stilts, and carrying in their hands a kind of torches of resinous wood, without the help of which it would have been impossible to find our way, and to get out of the difficulties in which we were frequently embarrassed: one may form an idea of the terror, which a traveller, unacquainted with the country, would have felt at the sight of this car, escorted by giants armed with torches in the midst of a vast desert.—\*\*\* As you approach Mont-de-Marsan, the road is edged with fine plantations, and you see on the right a large edifice, lately built for the residence of the Prefect, and the seat of administration: the splendor of this fine edifice might be thought to contrast too strongly with the rudeness of the country, if it were not recollected that this building, situated on the high-road to Spain, is also destined to lodge travellers of distinction from the two kingdoms.

Our carriage proceeded slowly between two rows of ladies, seated on the promenade of *Montreuil*, before their houses, whither they come every day to wait the arrival of strangers, till the hour of going to play at *Boston* at one of the neighbours.

The Solitary was recognised by some ladies rather advanced in years; one of whom made him a sign, to which he replied, smiling, by a gesture which I begged him to explain. "It is an old anecdote," said he; "put me in mind to relate it to you another time; you will see whether that lady and I can ever meet and look at each other without laughing."

"We are now in the town properly so called where the noblesse live: on the other side of the fine bridge which has been built over the Midouze, we enter the quarter of the port, inhabited by merchants; it is to be observed," continued M. N. "that notwithstanding the profound esteem which the inhabitants of the right and of the left banks of the Midouze reciprocally bear each other, they never meet except at church or at the prefect's, when they cannot avoid it."

In the quarter of the port, there are several commercial houses, equally distinguished by large fortunes nobly acquired,



and by their reputation for honor and probity. The port of Mont-de-Marsan is of great importance to Armagnac, which sends its brandies thither, whence they are conveyed by the Midouze and the Adour to the grand dépôt of Bayonne.

"An inhabitant of this town who should now see it again after 15 years' absence, would hardly recognise it, so many important improvements of every kind have taken place, so much have the manners, taste, and customs been ameliorated in that short interval. This happy revolution is in a great measure the work of the first Prefect of this department. Baron Mechin and his young and beautiful wife came about that time to heal the painful wounds which the revolution had inflicted on this country. You may inquire what recollections this magistrate left behind him, and you will be convinced that it was not flattery which gave him publicly the honorable name of the *beloved Prefect*, by which he is still known."

One of the things which most struck me during my short stay at Mont-de-Marsan, was to see pretty young girls in short petticoats, with bare legs and feet, running about the town, carrying pitchers full of water on their heads. M. N. assured me that this simplicity of dress did not injure the double part which these Biscayan girls (Basques) performed in some families, where the persons most interested are not so much offended at it, as might be feared. It is not uncommon here to see women of the first class in the morning at their own houses, shew a handsome naked leg, but wearing on the foot an elegant slipper; nobody is so impolite as to find fault with it.

M. N. took me to see the place where the Bull-fights are celebrated. "The Bull-fights; (La Course!) this word," said he, "makes every heart beat from the banks of the Adour to Cadiz. At a time when emigration was considered as a crime, a Gascon thought it a sufficient excuse to say, he had been to see the bull-fights at Pampeluna or St. Sebastian. The first Prefect, profoundly afflicted at the death of seven persons, which had been caused by these terrible sports, thought it his duty to suppress them: what grief! what consternation ensued! The greatest eulogium that can be made on the magistrate who issued and enforced this rigorous decree is, that it did not cause him to lose any part of his popularity; it is no less true that the Prefect had acted like a young man, with more zeal than prudence: one may, one ought to attack the prejudices of the people, but one should respect their pleasures."

"We quitted the direct road to Bayonne, in order to take that of Saint Sever, proceeding to the banks of the Adour, over which a new bridge has been erected, and the carp of which are as famous as those of the Rhine. It was on the road from Mont-de-Marsan to St. Sever, that M. N. related to me the following anecdote, of which he had been reminded by meeting the lady on the promenade of Montrevel:

"In the month of May, 1780, if I remember rightly, I had come to pass some months at Mont-de-Marsan, where my brother was

then in garrison. The arrival of the celebrated riding-master, Bapst, made a great bustle in a little town, where pleasure was the more eagerly sought after, as the opportunities of enjoying it were more rare. At a small expense, but with great haste, a circus had been built for the feats of horsemanship, round which there was a kind of amphitheatre, badly enough put together. The most distinguished young women of the place were ranged standing in a row in the best place. All on a sudden, the uprights, which supported the ends of the boards on which the young ladies were placed, gave way at once. Doubtless such an accident would have, in our times, the most fatal consequences; the fashion that prevailed in those times preserved these young persons. The *vertugadins*, the *bouffantes*, the *belises*, (which were then in high fashion two hundred leagues from the capital) being squeezed in between the two lateral planks, in the interval of which the lower part of the body of these young ladies had passed in this perpendicular fall, formed under their arms a thick and preserving circle, which held them over the abyss: all the men hastened to their aid by different ways, some leaping on the scaffolding, some throwing themselves under it. Chance ordered it that I gave to the lady of Montrevel some assistance, of which you have seen that she retains, after an interval of thirty-seven years, a lively remembrance. I know not, continued he, what analogy can be found between events so different in their nature, but it was remarked at that time, that the six months which succeeded this accident were very fertile in marriages, and that the beauty of the faces of the young brides did not appear to have at all influenced the choice of which they were the objects."

(To be continued.)

#### THE EDUCATION OF FRENCH SERVANTS.

PARIS, April 26th.—In order to form a correct notion of the advancement of public education in France, it is necessary to read a late number of *Les Petites Affiches*, containing the advertisement of a citizen of Paris who is in want of a porter. He requires that the candidate who may be ambitious enough to aspire to this situation should, in the first place, be perfect master of his own language; he must be capable of writing from dictation without making orthographical blunders; and if he should not be quite so learned as the door-keeper of the Observatory at Marseilles, he must at least possess as much information as a secondary usher in a school. Besides being able to officiate as confidential secretary, he must understand waiting at table, and must be as good a Valet-de-Chambre as a grammarian. Finally, he must be exactly forty years of age, married, but without children, and his wife must be the same age as himself, and qualified to hold the reins of a great domestic establishment.

The candidates who may be induced to compete for the *Cordon* thus offered to their noble emulation, may derive some consolation on the score of grammatical knowledge, from the style of the programme inserted in

the *Petites Affiches*: they are informed, that all enquiry will be useless if the applicant *ne remplit pas toutes les qualités requises*. Now we really think that the citizen of Paris who wrote this sentence ought to shew some degree of indulgence towards a porter who might suffer any little imperfection of style to escape him, or who might not exactly fill all the qualities of a good grammarian. It must be confessed that had Henry IV. expected his Chief Cabinet Secretaries to possess as much erudition as is required of this unfortunate porter, he might frequently have despaired of finding such as were suited to his taste. If this should continue, no individual will be considered fit for a footman or a valet who has not obtained the prize of rhetoric in some university, or contended for a vacant place in an academy.

And yet complaints are uttered against the ravages of philosophy! Astonishment is expressed when the works of Voltaire and Rousseau are found in porter's anti-chambers and lodges, and an outcry is raised against those who wish to place them within the reach of all! When the knowledge of good and evil is hawked about the streets, it is said that social order is inverted, and that the people have no right to think about such matters! And yet those who are most forward in declaiming against all this are the first to require that their porters should be grammatical purists and philosophers, and their *Femmes-de-Chambre* librarians.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. POET LAUREATE.

The families from which Mr. Robert Southey is descended, both on his father's and on his mother's side, are of great respectability, in the county of Somerset, and at the time the subject of the present memoir was born, on the 12th of August, 1774, the father was engaged in an extensive business in the city of Bristol. To obtain the first rudiments of knowledge, young Southey was placed under the care of a Mr. Foote, who kept a small school in Bristol, but before he had reached his seventh year he was removed to a seminary at Carston.—After continuing there about two years, he returned to his native place, where he was put under the care of a clergyman. At a very early age his friends discovered in him talents and qualities that deserved to be placed in a higher sphere than that in which his father had moved; they therefore designed him for the church. With a view to give him every advantage, Robert Southey, in the year 1787, was sent to Westminster school. His maternal aunt, Miss Tyler, was extremely fond of her promising nephew, took great pains with his education, and by encouraging him in reading some of our best writers of the old school, converted his youthful and transitory passion for the muses into a fixed and enthusiastic attachment.—

We have been shown, by one of his school-fellows, two copies of verses said to have been written by Southey when he was about fourteen years old. Deep thought, which is the offspring of experience, cannot, of course, be expected in them, but they may be justly admired for the very easy and musical flow of the numbers. Most probably the great attention he paid to English poetry, was the true reason why his Latin verses gained him little credit, while he remained at Westminster school. His amiable and inoffensive manners attracted the love of his companions, though from his retired disposition and his love of study, or more properly of reading, he seldom joined in the noisy mirth of school-boy exultation.

At the age of a little more than eighteen, in Nov. 1792, Mr. Southey was entered a commoner of Balliol College, Oxford. His father was at this time in no condition, from losses in trade, to defray his expenses, which were paid, we believe, in a great measure, by his maternal uncle the Rev. Mr. Hill, (formerly many years chaplain of the British factory at Lisbon, and now of Streatham, Surrey,) and by his aunt, Miss Tyler, a lady of considerable fortune. About three months after the college rolls had received the name of Robert Southey, the King of France was beheaded, the Revolution being at that time at its height. Whoever recollects that the most specious pretences of public benefits were then held out by those who were only anxious to secure their own private interests, that the whole empire was divided into two great parties, the young and enthusiastic, who confidently looked forward to the happiest results, being ranged on the one side, and the experienced and timid, who dreaded that "a death-blow would be given to all rational liberty," (to use Mr. Burke's words,) being united on the other, will not wonder at finding the name of Southey in the ranks of the former. Constitutional energy of feeling and warmth of imagination, naturally attached a young man of eighteen to a cause which, even to graver heads, seemed to promise so much: nor can we severely blame a choice which, however erroneous, was governed, not by any factious or ambitious spirit, but by the purest love of genuine liberty; the fault was judging too benevolently of the views of the chief instigators of the Revolution: their admirers "drew men as they ought to be, not as they are." The result has undeceived Mr. Southey, and half Europe with him: to have changed an opinion

with all experience in favour of the alteration, cannot surely be imputed as a crime: the offence is, and no slight one, to continue to maintain, with something worse than senseless obstinacy, the truth and justice of the exploded opinions which those who now uphold them were formerly deeply interested to support.

At Oxford, during the year 1793, Mr. Southey became acquainted with two fellow commoners, Mr. S. T. Coleridge and Mr. Lovell: they formed a triumvirate of enthusiasts in politics and poetry, and the similarity of literary pursuits and of political sentiments, soon united them in bonds of the most strict and confidential friendship. The system of fraternisation, which in France had been carried to so ridiculous an extent, was transplanted into England. The three fellow students vowed an eternal brotherly affection, and heated with the prevailing democratical opinions upon the revolution in France, listening only to the favourable representations, and remembering that but ten years previous what was termed by some the "ever glorious work of independence" had been effected in America, they left college with a determination to forsake their native country, (where they then idly thought an indestructible system of slavery was established,) to settle on the fertile banks of the Susquehanna.

It was an age of madness, and many others entertained the same wild project with which the youthful poets were enchanted. If persons of cold and calculating minds, uninfluenced by anything but a supposed estimate of augmented interest, entered into such a vain scheme, it is not wonderful that three boys, (for they were little more,) gifted with imaginations soaring towards "the highest heaven of invention," should promise delights of more than human transport, that none but themselves could foresee, and depict scenes dressed in more than the gay luxuriance of nature that only fancy's eye could behold.

When the three friends quitted college they repaired to Bristol, for the purpose of carrying their design into execution. We understand that Mr. Southey's father was at this time dead.—A Mr. Allen, Mr. Burnett, (the author of the History of Poland,) and several others, were to accompany them in this expedition. They were to form an independent colony on the banks of the Susquehanna, and consistently with the reigning views at that time, they were to have every thing in common, and, as the title which they gave their society implies, all

were to have the same share in the administration of the public affairs of their new government. It was termed a *Pantisocracy*.

Mr. Southey and his relations had for some time been acquainted with a family of the name of Fricker, in which there were four daughters, three of whom were at that time of a marriageable age. To one of these young ladies Mr. Southey had, we believe, previously formed an attachment, and as it was necessary, in order to render the colony more extensive and flourishing, and as young poets lose half their inspiration in the absence of females, it was, after some previous negotiations, agreed that Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Lovell should marry the other two sisters, and that Mrs. Fricker and her youngest daughter should accompany the expedition. Of course the whole scheme, but particularly the marriage of her nephew into a family whose wealth was by no means a recommendation, met with the strong disapprobation of Miss Tyler, who used her utmost exertions to prevent its execution. We know not exactly to what cause the defeat of this visionary plan is to be attributed; whether to the representations of Miss Tyler, the entreaties of Mr. Southey's mother, or the unwillingness of Mrs. Fricker, whether to the changes in the political world, or whether to the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Hill, (Mr. Southey's maternal uncle, whose name we have before mentioned) from Portugal, at that juncture. Mr. Hill was in possession of a living at Hereford, which obliged him to return to England annually, and one of these visits occurred just at the time the young adventurers were contemplating their speedy embarkation for their trans-Atlantic expedition.

On his return to Lisbon in 1795, (the colonizing scheme having been unwillingly relinquished by all the parties, but particularly by Mr. Southey) Mr. Hill proposed to take his nephew with him, and with great persuasion, the young man's consent was at last obtained.

The marriage of Mr. Southey and Miss Fricker, which had been contracted under the notion of a settlement in North America, had not at this time (1795) been solemnized, but on Mr. Hill undertaking to conduct his nephew to Portugal, it was concluded that the nuptials should not be celebrated until after his return. The attachment of Mr. Southey, however, was too strong to allow him to rest his happiness upon the unsure footing of a distant union, that a thousand accidents (of nine hundred and

ninety-nine of which lovers alone are sensible,) might postpone or prevent. He therefore determined, contrary to the advice of his friends, we believe, immediately to marry the lady he had chosen, and on the very day of the solemnization he left Bristol to accompany his uncle to Spain. To no part of his family was this connection more displeasing than to Miss Tyler, whose objections were continued for a considerable time after the event.

When Mr. Southey left England, the period fixed for his return was the end of six months, and almost to a day he kept the appointment he had made. Mrs. Southey, in the mean time, boarded at the house of a friend in Bristol. After his arrival in his native country, Mr. Southey for some years remained in his native city and its vicinity in the enjoyment of the tranquil pleasures of a domestic circle, enlivened by the company of the choicest friends that society affords. He pursued his literary labours, or rather his literary pleasures, with great zeal and industry, and laid the foundation of several of the works he has since published. We did not interrupt our notice to observe, that in 1795 he produced a volume of poems in conjunction with Robert Lovell, under the classic names of Moschus and Bion; titles perhaps not well chosen, when we consider the nature of most of the pieces, although it must be admitted that of all the writers among—

"The learned Greeks, rich in fit epithets,  
Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words,"  
there are none that seem to approach so nearly to the modern style of thought and expression. Southey at this time had not attained his twentieth year, and Lovell was younger. The year following that of his marriage, 1796, appeared his *Joan of Arc*, which is stated to have been written in the short space of six weeks.

The gratification and improvement experienced by Mr. Southey in his first visit to the Peninsula, induced him after remaining in England about six years, to project a return thither in company with his wife, which he accomplished in the beginning of the year 1800, and for sixteen months he was employed in travelling through various parts of Spain and Portugal. The observations he made upon the manners of the people, upon the government of the country, and the results of his tasteful and laborious literary investigations were given to the public on his return to his native land, in the letters which he wrote to England during his absence. They are too well

known to need any comment; that work and Lord Holland's life of Lope de Vega contain a great mass of information respecting the literature of the Peninsula, until then little attended to in this country. In Germany the critics had formed a much higher estimate of its value. He also about this time published, in conjunction with Mr. C. Lamb, Sir H. Davy, and others, two volumes of poems called the *Annual Anthology*.

Towards the close of the year 1801, Mr. Southey obtained the appointment of Secretary to Mr. Corry, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, and continued to hold the place until his principal quitted the office, when we believe that Mr. Southey's talents and services received a reward which they eminently merited. Before, however, he entered upon the duties of this office, he laid before the public his poem of *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, which excited a strong sensation in the literary community. Much learned dust was raised in disputes respecting the pre-eminence of its merits or defects, but the decision of the public was unquestionably in its favour. In 1801 also appeared a volume of miscellaneous pieces, none of which can be read without some degree of praise: it was followed by a second volume of the same kind a few years afterwards.

In the autumn of 1802, or the spring of 1803, Mr. Southey retired to the romantic vicinity of Keswick, in Cumberland, where he has, with the interruption only of short visits to London, resided ever since, surrounded by his family. The house in which he lives is divided in the centre: one half is occupied by Mr. Southey, his wife, and children, and the other half by Mrs. Coleridge (sister to Mrs. Southey) and her two sons. Mrs. Lovell, who it will be remembered is also a sister of Mrs. Southey, but whose husband died a short time after they were married, lives under the roof of her brother-in-law, and educates his daughters, of whom there are four; the eldest has, we understand, just completed the twelfth year. Mr. Southey has also one son of about the age of eight years, whom he takes great pleasure in educating himself. Mr. Southey is a man of a most happy and domestic temper, delighting in the society of his children even in his most laborious hours; and from habit he has obtained such a power of abstraction as to be able to pursue his studies in their company without interruption, excepting when his paternal tenderness is called

forth by the plaintive cries of his infant offspring.

In the month of September 1813, Mr. Southey accepted the office of poet-laureate on the death of the late occupant, Mr. Pye. As to the question of political consistency, surely the moment when all hearts are animated by but one sentiment of exultation at the recent glorious events, which have destroyed what all admit to have been an odious tyranny, is not a time to revive political animosities; and surely when we have just witnessed the bloody progress and happy denouement of the French revolutionary tragedy, it is not a time to censure those who have repented of the errors of youthful ardour. To such as maintain that the laureate is a person who must necessarily model his views by those of the court, we ask whether there have not been exceptions to this rule, and whether the mode of Mr. Southey's appointment does not enable him, if it be requisite, to add to the number of those exceptions? He is required to produce no slavish birth-day odes; none have been published; but, above all, supposing we admitted all that is alleged on this subject, we would ask if this be not a period when the applauses that might be bestowed by the laureate upon the recent efforts of government, would not be echoed by the whole population of liberated Europe?

As for his poem of *Wat Tyler*, written at the age of nineteen, we do not wish to defend all its principles, neither, we presume, would Mr. Southey himself. We shall, however, observe, that the fact of its having never been published by the author, is sufficient to shew, that he himself disapproved of it, and that its subsequent publication, by others, was a malicious attempt to bring him into disgrace and odium. In private life, if a man correct his bad habits, every one joins in his commendation. But how different is the system of political morality! Here, to reform is to apostatize; to acknowledge past error, is to augment it by the crime of desertion; to adhere to a measure which one's friends have forsaken, is called forsaking one's friends, and to adhere to those friends in their abandonment of it, is called abandoning one's principles. For our own parts, such is our opinion of Mr. Southey's motives for having recanted his early opinions, and of the motives of those who have raised an outcry against him, that we would much rather be the objects of such obloquy than the authors of it.

We understand that Mr. Southey has several works in progress. One of them



is a poem strictly epic, the hero of which, singular as it may seem—is a member of the Society of Friends. This is not the only work of that nature finished; and as Mr. Southey is understood to make it a rule to write 40 lines every morning before breakfast, his progress in any undertaking is very rapid.

The following is a list of such of Mr. Southey's works as have not been already mentioned:—

Amadis de Gaul, from the Spanish of Garcidonez de Montalvo, 4 vols. 12mo. 1803.

The Works of Thomas Chatterton, (published for the benefit of his sister, Mrs. Newton,) 3 vols. 8vo. 1803.

Madoc, a poem, 4to. 1805.

Specimens of later English Poets, with preliminary Notes, 3 vols. 8vo. 1807.

Palmerin of England, from the Portuguese of Francis de Moraes, 4 vols. 1807.

Letters from England, by Don Manuel Velasquez Escriella, (not absolutely acknowledged by, but universally attributed to, Mr. Southey,) 1807.

The Remains of Henry Kirke White, with an Account of his Life, 2 vols. 8vo. 1807.

The Chronicle of the Cid Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, from the Spanish, 4to. 1808.

The History of Brasil, Vol. I. 4to. 1810. Vol. II. 1817.

The Curse of Kehama, a poem, 4to. 1811.

Omiana, 2 vols. foolscap, 8vo. 1812.

Life of Lord Nelson, 2 vols. sm. 8vo. 1813.

Carmen Triumphale, 4to. 1814.

Carmen Nuptiale.

Letter to W. Smith, Esq. M.P. for Norwich, 8vo. 1817.

## ANECDOTES

### OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

The High Chamberlain N. . . received of the Emperor Alexander, a most beautiful star of the order of St. Andrew, set round with diamonds, which was valued at 30,000 roubles. He directly pawned it at a pawnbroker's. Soon after this, there was a grand entertainment at court, where N. . . could not appear without this star. What embarrassment! Money was wanted, and the pawnbroker, an inexorable man, would not part with the star for a quarter of an hour, unless it were properly redeemed. Now there was nobody that could help him out of this dilemma, but the Emperor's Groom of the Bed-chamber, who had in his possession two beautiful diamond stars belonging to the Emperor, one of which was but lately finished, and had cost 60,000 roubles. The High Chamberlain accordingly had recourse to him, and, after many protestations, the gentleman was persuaded, by incessant intreaty and promises of returning it safe to him again after the entertainment, to entrust it to him. N. . . accordingly made his appearance with this star at court. Alexander soon perceived in the four large diamonds at the corners of the star a great likeness with his own new star. He fixed his eyes several times on N. . . and at last said: "I am very much astonished to find you have a star which has a great likeness with one I have just received from the jeweller's." N. . . quite embarrassed, replied only by unmeaning compliments and bows. The Emperor, more and more struck with the great resemblance, at last said to him: "I do not know what to say, but I must tell you plainly that I almost believe that it is my star, the likeness is so very remarkable." N. . . at last humbly confessed how it hap-

pened, and offered to undergo any punishment, but only begged that he would have mercy upon the poor Gentleman of the Chamber, who had suffered himself to be persuaded. "Never mind," replied the generous Alexander, "the crime is not so great that I cannot forgive it. But I cannot wear it myself any more; I must therefore make you a present of it on condition that I shall in future be safe from such appropriations."

The hackney-coachmen in St. Petersburg do not much like to drive officers, and seldom let them get out unless they have paid them beforehand, or leave something in pledge. They do not object to letting other persons get out whenever they chuse, and will even wait hours for them. The Emperor Alexander, who is generally dressed in a very plain uniform and a grey mantle, was walking one day on the English quay, when suddenly it began to rain very hard, and he would not step into a house. He accordingly seated himself in the first hackney-coach (Droschke) he found, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Winter Palace. As he passed by the Senate-House, the guard was called under arms and the drums beat. The coachman looked, and said he supposed the Emperor was riding by the guard-house. "You will see him very soon," replied Alexander.

They at last arrived at the Winter Palace, and Alexander, who had no money about him, ordered him to stop till he sent his fare down; "No," replied he, "you must leave me something in pledge, the officers have so many times deceived me. So you must leave me your mantle." Alexander acquiesced, and left his mantle. He directly sent down one of his footmen with twenty-five roubles, to give them to the coachman, and to say that he had driven the Emperor, and to bring him the mantle. The footman did so; when, instead of the coachman's being glad at the honour and the present, he laughed, and said, "Do you think that I am so stupid! the mantle is worth more than twenty-five roubles; who knows what you mean? perhaps you want to steal it; no, that won't do, and unless the gentleman whom I have driven comes himself, I shall not part with it." Alexander had almost been obliged to go down himself, had not his chief coachman happened to come by, who confirmed what the footman had said. The poor coachman was now almost out of his wits for joy.

## FINE ARTS.

### ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Continued.)

"No. 184. The Procession of the Claimants of the Flitch of Bacon—a custom instituted about Edward the Third's time, by Sir Philip de Somerville, of the Manor of Whichnoure, in the County of Stafford," by J. M. WRIGHT. The particular passage on which the story is built, is extracted from *Blount's Jocular Tenures*—"And so shall they departe the mannour of Whichnoure, with the corne and the baconne, before him that wonne ytt, with trompets, tabourets, and other manner of mynstrelsie."—The person, who floats upon the surface of any art or science, will have enough of companions to understand and applaud him; but he, who is more profound, can hope for few attendants or admirers. This is fully exemplified in the case of painters in this country. The artist, who, instead of painting the class of subjects in daily demand,

devotes his pencil to works of invention, must abide the chances of a market, and often have his best works left upon his hands. We hope, however, that the striking merits of the picture now under consideration, and its convenient size, will speedily recommend it to a purchaser. Of Mr. J. M. Wright himself we know nothing; but of his genius we know much. The processional punishment of the knavish Lawyer, (founded on an obsolete custom in the Isle of Man,) exhibited some few years ago, was the first of his works which we had an opportunity of seeing. The vigorous invention, contrast of character, propriety of costume and practical ability of that attractive picture, are still fresh in our remembrance. His Barber and Curate purging Don Quixote's library, slight but full of taste and feeling, was the next; and the procession with the Flitch of bacon, is only the third of his works which we have seen in the Exhibitions. The happy couple, who have won the reward, are seated in a chariot, drawn by two mettlesome steeds, followed by a promiscuous crowd of men, women and children; and high above the rest, on horseback, a Friar, with a rubicund countenance and jolly person, is seen. The motion of his hand and expression of his features, show that he is recommending the example of the successful claimants to general imitation. A rustic with a scythe on his shoulder, and another with a spade in his hand, walk in conversation beside the chariot wheels. Before them a man and two females, one leading a boy, form a well-contrasted group. A page on foot clothed in scarlet trimmed with gold lace, holding his blue bonnet and feather in one hand, walks beside the horses, holding the reins in the other. Several young maidens, dressed in white, and crowned with garlands, precede the carriage, strewing flowers in the road. A crowd of young lads accompany them, following the band of music. Before them the Halberdiers and standard-bearers march, headed by the Knight of Whichnoure, gallantly mounted upon a curvetting steed. The horse is in a spirited attitude, and the Knight himself, half-turned back, as if to give directions. Another group of Halberdiers and spectators precede him, and complete the composition. The distance is a wooded landscape, with gentle elevations. The picture includes upwards of seventy figures with horses and dogs; and furnishes a strong proof of this artist's fund of invention and happy conception of character. The grouping, disposition and drawing, excepting some few very slight inaccuracies, reflect great credit on his taste and science. The heads afford a variety of expression: and the picture itself, as a representation of an ancient local custom in the county of Stafford, is an object of important consideration to the noblemen and gentlemen of that county. Having, however, done justice to its merits, there is another justice due to the artist. This performance shows his facility in designing and mastery of pencil. There is certainly much attraction in a graceful negligence of execution; but we conceive that it is absolutely necessary in figures of so small a size, to unite sweetness and delicacy with

lightness and fluency of handling. His masses of light are so broad and well-distributed, and his system of colouring so well founded, that there is only a want of some glazing to bring the whole into a mellow, glowing tone, and give an equal feeling and sentiment to his colouring. We, by no means, recommend imitation to an artist, who is so well supplied with original stores. But we refer to the delicious tone of *Stothard's* 'Triumph of Britannia,' near *Wilkie's* picture, as an instance of harmony, which may furnish hints of instruction to any artist, in painting this class of cabinet subjects.—276. *Moses found by Pharaoh's Daughter*, by H. P. Bone.—This is what is termed a large cabinet size. The female raising the infant *Moses*; the one standing beside her in the white and blue half turban or head linen, and the third seated beside the female *Ethiopi*, are well designed and grouped. There is a degree of simple elegance in the two figures behind *Pharaoh's* daughter. The countenance of the nearest, in tender half shade, has much gentle sweetness and is delicately toned. The head of *Pharaoh's* daughter might admit of a more defined expression. The features have an identity too nearly like that of a portrait. The expression of earnestness and pity, in the female kneeling in front, and looking up to receive her mistress's commands, is justly delineated. The action and countenance of the girl standing behind her, with her hands closed upon her breast, bespeak her participation in the general pleasure. The landscape is fanciful and broad; and the colouring altogether varied and harmonious. But the head of the infant *Moses* is too large, and the features homely. There is nothing ideal in it. If this head were successfully repainted, it would materially improve the picture. This artist appears to dread extravagance in his design and *bravura* in his execution. But, without falling into either of these errors, he may, in the moment of invention, throw more of his warm impulses into his composition, and execute his draperies and landscape with a more loose and crispy pencil.—244. *Moses breaketh the tables*, by the same artist. There is a good historical character in the figure of *Moses*. The head is boldly painted; and the action dignified; but like that of the preceding figures, cautiously guarded from extravagance. His under garment of emerald green, and his outer of deep crimson, are well folded and vigorously toned. The expression of surprise in the attitude of *Josue* looking off upon the Israelites dancing round the Golden Calf, in the distance below, is designed and executed with spirit. The turning away of his countenance from the Spectator sets the imagination in motion. The throwing the whole upper part of his figure into strong shadow, excepting the catching light upon his shoulder; the bold broad light upon his knee and that upon his foot have a striking effect; and compose well with the dark volumes of clouds, which shade the top of the mount, and encompass the central light upon the sky. These figures occupy the principal space of the picture, the Israelites are introduced on their ground in

the distance, so as to enrich the composition and tell the story, without interfering with the principal figures. On a comparative view there is a greater portion of spirit thrown into this picture than any we have for some time seen by this artist. "130. *The breakfast*," by *David Wilkie*, R. A. This domestic picture consists of four figures; an old gentleman in a red night cap, and flowered morning gown, seated at table, eating an egg; a young gentleman beside him, reading the newspaper; an old lady preparing the tea, and a servant girl standing and filling the teapot out of a copper kettle. There is a much greater breadth of light and a clearer effect in this than in "*the Pedlar*," by this admired artist. The cups and saucers, blue glass sugar-bason, toast-stand, prints of butter and table cloth, are painted with a truth and attention to detail, which may vie with the most finished productions of any Flemish master. The same delicate finishing is seen in the china jars, hour-glass, book, and portrait, over the chimney piece; in the grate, fire-irons and plate of toast on the stand before the fire. The half tints, in which the knife-stand, the table with a dish of ham, book-shelf, India screen, and china-closet, are kept down, are clear, and in admirable subordination. The carpet and tapestry chair, are as correctly identified. The cat, at the fire, sitting in the gleam of sun-shine, and the sun-shine itself, are painted with much force and brilliancy. The perspective of the chamber is excellent. The artist, with his wonted respect for his own fame, has exerted his pencil to leave nothing undone. High as he deservedly stands in the public favor, there is no sign of relaxation, no symptom of neglect, visible, in this picture. If there be any thing to be noticed, it is an over anxiety to give the highest finishing to the heads; a circumstance, which, in some discernible details, interferes, in a small degree, with the sweetness of the touch and spirited decision of the features.—209. *Edward the Black Prince*, conducting his prisoner, *John King of France*, in triumph to Westminster, after the battle of Poitiers: by *F. P. Stephanoff*. This picture, which is crowded with figures, is another instance of the painter's great facility in composition. The invention and grouping evince much taste and fancy. The coloring is harmonious, but rather too much of a purplish cast. It is executed with freedom of hand; but, with all its merits, we cannot help wishing that the artist had paid more attention to the making out of his heads, and definition of his characters. His expression is sometimes too vague, and his drawing too negligent, to do justice to the flow of his ideas.—In the Sculpture Room, besides *Chantrey's* beautiful monument of the two children, his admirable busts, and some fine performances by other sculptors, which we have hereafter to notice in detail, we were particularly struck with "1015. *PROMETHEUS* chained, by *J. Kendrick*." This model is executed upon a scale less than nature, and designed with much grandeur. The disposition of the figure; the spirited action of the limbs; the bold indication of the bone and muscle; the fleshy character

and vigorous expression of the entire, render it a very prominent object, although so close to *CANOVA's* statues. The eagle is about to commence his feast, and the side of the victim is yet unperced. There is an ardent feeling and a depth of science in the performance, which, with a generous patronage, may produce some fine things for the advancement of the arts and honor of the country. We do not recollect to have met with any work by this Sculptor before; but, on enquiry, we have been informed he was a pupil of *Mr. Bacon*, and that artist may well be proud of his scholar. W. C.

(To be continued.)

#### BRITISH GALLERY.

The noblemen and gentlemen of this public-spirited Institution opened the exhibition of the works of DECEASED BRITISH ARTISTS, for the private visit of the Royal family on Tuesday, and next day, the gallery was opened to the public. It contains a number of capital pictures, which maintain the honor of the British School, even in what has been comparatively termed its infancy. We shall offer some observations on these pictures hereafter.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.—ITALIAN OPERA.

*Paër's Agnese* was performed for the second time on Saturday last, and made a deep, but not universally pleasing impression on the audience. Although our former account of this Opera was necessarily drawn up immediately after the first representation, a more deliberate consideration and a careful perusal of this play, has confirmed us in the opinion then given. *L'Agnese* is the most pathetically interesting Opera on the Italian stage, but it derives its main attraction from a calamity incidental to human infirmity, which ought not to form the entire subject of a Drama. At the King's Theatre the interest was still heightened by the force and minute truth with which Signor Ambrogetti represented the effects and symptoms of mental derangement. Indeed, in our opinion, he went too far in his delineation of nature.—*Uberto* is not drawn a maniac by the poet; his aberration of mind is of the deep melancholy cast, it does not stray into extravagancies and childish tricks; the character need not be studied at *Bedlam*, where, we understand, *Sig. A.* actually formed his conception of the part.

The text of this Opera, if we except the comic scenes, possesses great merits: the language is simple, select and impressive, and the action of the play is conducted with skill and great dramatic effect. Several of the scenes are capable of shaking the strongest frame.

The Music pleased us better at the

second representation, but upon the whole we abide by the opinion we gave in our former report. It is good Italian music, but it wants originality of conception, and falls short of the great scope for expression afforded by the poet's labour. Not only the orchestra, but even the manager, did ample justice to the composition. As every thing depends upon the proper degree of quickness in the airs, Mr. Ayrton, with the most laudable attention to public gratification, obtained from Paër himself, the *Tempi* of all the pieces in the Opera, an operation which, by the invention of Maelzel's Metronome, is rendered as easy (if not more so), as the communication of any measure of length from one place to another.

A new Pantomimic Ballet, called *Zulica on les Péruviens*, appeared for the first time on Saturday last. It is the production of Mons. Léon, the Ballet-master, and seems to be an imitation of Kotzebue's Drama, *The Virgin of the Sun*.—The High-priest of the Sun being enamoured of Zulica, (Mad. Milanie,) in order to obtain the object of his love, announces to her father, a Peruvian King, the will of the God that Zulica should be received into the number of the Virgins of the Sun. While Zulica is led in solemn procession to the Temple, a Spanish fleet appears off the coast, one of the ships is wrecked by a violent storm; and Fernand, (Mons. Léon,) the only person saved from its crew, reaches the entrance of the Temple, goes in, and beholds, unperceived, the ceremony of Zulica's installation, after the termination of which the High-priest seizes an opportunity of declaring to her the love with which she has inspired him. Finding his professions treated with disdain, he leaves her the alternative of compliance, or of being sacrificed to the God under the pretext of having broken her vows. At this moment of distress Fernand appears as her deliverer, and pursues the High-priest, who eludes the sword of the Spaniard by plunging into the sea and swimming to the opposite shore. Fernand now declares his love to Zulica, is heard with complacency, and in token of her attachment obtains the veil which had consecrated her to the service of the divinity. Zulica, on parting from him, promises to meet him again, but entreats him to withdraw in order to avoid the resentment of the High-priest. In the meanwhile the High-priest returns, informs Zulica's father of her interview with Fernand, and, in conjunction with the people, demands her death in expiation of her broken vow.

Zulica is conducted to the pile, but at the moment when it is to be set on fire, musquetry is heard. Fernand, at the head of a band of Spaniards, who had landed in search of their wrecked countryman, arrives in time to snatch his beloved from the stake; the High-priest, while aiming a deadly blow at his rival, falls by a pistol-shot. The king and his people rush in, pursued by another party of Spaniards, Fernand arrests their pursuit, offers his friendship to the king, and the piece concludes with his receiving the hand of Zulica as a pledge of the father's sincerity.

If the representation itself does not tell this tale quite so distinctly, the cause lies in some measure in the numerous dances *pas de deux, pas de trois*, and even *pas de cinq*, with which the piece abounds, and in which the combined strength of the establishment exert their best abilities. The novelty and elegant effect of a shawl-dance was much applauded. This Ballet, upon the whole, is not of a description to raise Mons. Léon's credit as a ballet-master, or pantomimic performer. Mad. Milanie, too, danced much better than acted her part. Her performance generally is stern and dry, without sufficient expression and discrimination of her part.

Among the scenery, the Temple of the Sun appeared to have engaged the painter's principal attention. It is somewhat gaudy, and the profusion of gold-leaf accords more with the received idea of Peruvian riches than with good taste.—Mons. Zara's landscapes are more or less defective in the due administration of light and shade, their keeping is generally too dark and monotonous, which renders the objects flat and indistinct. The numerous dresses were in good costume, elegant and splendid.

The music is stated to be a selection from the works of Mehul, Catel and Gretry. It corresponded upon the whole with the action of the different scenes, and in several instances was eminently effective and striking. A fine solo on the violin gained Mr. Mori deserved applause.

DRURY LANE.—On Tuesday night *Vanbrugh's* comedy of the Confederacy, was performed at Drury Lane Theatre. The dialogue reminds us of the line, "How Van wants taste, who never wanted wit," an objection, which with an alteration of a word would apply more justly to his dramatic invention than his buildings. There are some of our old comedies full as objectionable in point of morals, yet none altogether so offensive in its basis. There is an insufferable meanness and depravity in Gripe and Moneytrap, the two friendly husbands, who

are each seeking to debauch the other's wife and deceive his own. The shameless unfeminine, anti-conjugal conduct of their wives, is as coarsely marked. One might have thought that their employing a nimble-tongued Abigail like *Flippanta*, in their scandalous schemes, was quite risk enough without confiding the means of destroying their reputation, to a male confidant; and that too, to so low a fellow, as the footman of an unknown and self-introduced impostor, upon whose secrecy they could not depend for a moment! Corinna is the only unvitiated character; and her hand is obtained by Dick Amlet, a common sharper the son of a kettle-drummer, whose father, we are ostentatiously told, was hanged for robbing a church. This hopeful aspirant to the gallows, who robs his mother's strong box upon the stage, and under pretence of embracing her, also filches her watch from her person, before the audience, is the man of mode and hero of the piece! We might suppose that *Vanbrugh* had endeavoured to show how much effect he could produce with the most rotten and offensive materials. This drama has, also, the disadvantage of two duplicates among the principal figures. *Araminta* and *Clarissa* have little to distinguish them from each other: they are placed under similar circumstances, with nearly the same object in view. The resemblance is still stronger between Gripe and Moneytrap, excepting that the former is somewhat testy. *Araminta* is made subordinate to *Clarissa*, and *GRIPE* to Moneytrap, chiefly by having less to do in the conduct of the incidents. Yet, the characters are so well drawn and the dialogue so brisk, that all these defects and more which we have not time to notice, are overlooked, in the representation. The author may be compared to a skilful Enchaser, who renders the meanest metals valuable by the life and motion of his figures. The piece was so well cast, on last Tuesday night, that the admirable acting in a great degree threw a gloss upon the nauseous plot and unprincipled characters. The sudden illness of Mrs. Mardyn, who was to have played *Corinna*, almost immediately after her entrance, at the words "a parcel of old frightful masters," obliged Miss Kelly to lead her off the stage; and produced an omission of all the subsequent part of the scene. After a considerable delay, when she was to have re-appeared, in the third act, Mr. Harley apologized for her incapacity, and obtained leave for Miss Ivers to read her part. *Downton* performed Moneytrap with a rich expression of natural humour. His joy when *Flippanta* informed him *Clarissa* had an inclination for him; and the manner of his eager quick reply, "Is it possible?" tickled the audience wonderfully. His hasty thrusting of one hand under the long flap of his waistcoat, and pulling forth his breast linen with the other; the ludicrous puffing out of his withered cheeks and twinkling of his eyes; the turkey-cock swell of his chest and tip-toe inflation of his whole figure, were irresistibly risible. *Hegarth* never conceived a more capital display of amorous impatience, in an intriguing gallant of seventy. He was equally successful in the scene, where *Flip-*



panta fleeces him of the two hundred and thirty guineas. The house was kept in a continued roar of laughter by the varieties of his voice and changes of his countenance, from the chuckling alacrity which plumped out his dusky features, when enquiring "is your mistress at home?"—to the dull hesitating note, dropping jaw and vacant stare, with which he echoed Flippanta's propositions. "How! a restitution!"—"Two hundred pounds!"—"Two hundred and thirty pounds, in a bag!" The struggles between goatishness, cullibility and miserly reluctance, were depicted with inimitable skill and truth of nature.—Miss Kelly's *Flippanta*, artful laughing, jeering the dupe to his face, and yet affecting to pity and serve him, was one lively flow of trick and mischievous pleasantry. HARLEY played *Brass*, in an excellent style. His person, dress, look and bluff impudence, were quite in character. His bullying of Dick; cajoling *Gripe* out of the three hundred pounds; and attempting to hector him afterwards; were very effective without a particle of buffoonery. Mrs. DAVISON played *Clarissa* with the careless, easy, laughing effrontery of a fine modish woman, indifferent to every thing but her expensive pleasures. Nothing could be more spiritedly thoughtless, or entertaining. Miss *Boyce* looked and smiled *ARAMINTA* well enough; but her dialogue might admit of more malicious sprightliness. Mrs. *Sparks*, in the part of Mrs. Amlet, was at home. In what we have termed truth of nature, she is a *Downton* in petticoats, always up to the rich coloring of comic nature, and never, for an instant, beyond it. *Penley's* Dick was not deficient in rattling assurance, but we have seen him to more advantage.

On Wednesday night, at this house, Mr. *Kean* played *Luke*, in the drama of "Riches, or The Wife and Brother," altered from *Massinger*; and we have not often seen him more chaste or effective in any part, which does not rouse his high tragic powers. We are only prevented by our confined limits from pointing out some of the striking beauties of his performance. Mrs. *Alcop* played the part of Lady Traffic with spirit; but as that character has more of haughtiness than fashionable whimsy, and is serious in the latter scenes, it is not so well suited to her comic vein, as Lady Dainty and some others.

COVENT-GARDEN.—On Tuesday night after Mr. *Kemble's* fine performance of *Penruddock* a new afterpiece called the *Libertine*, in two acts, with splendid dresses and decorations, was brought out at this house. It is a mixed composition from *Shadwell's* play of the same title, and the opera of Don Giovanni. The scenes are all painted in a fine taste, particularly the summer retreat of Donna Elvira; and the cemetery and equestrian statue of Don Pedro, by *Grieve*. There is a striking grandeur in the double effect of moon and lamp-light, in the view of the piazza at Seville, by Whitmore. The music was selected by Mr. Bishop, from the most admired pieces in *Mozart's* *Don Giovanni*, and the overture was executed in a style of powerful harmony. *Liston's* part of Leporello had considerable comic effect; and when addressing Donna Elvira, as Don Juan, his

ludicrous distress occasioned much laughter.

Miss *Stephens*, in the part of Zerlina, sung with exquisite taste. She was encored in the song of "List and I'll find Love."—*Charles Kemble* played the *Libertine* with spirit. His dress was rich and he appeared to advantage. *Sinclair* sung in his best manner. *Daruset* and *Miss Matthews* exerted themselves successfully. The piece may suffer from a comparison with the Italian opera, but it was favourably received and announced for repetition with general approbation.

## POLITICS.

The home and foreign intelligence of the past week is of considerable interest.

In the House of Lords on Friday, the discussion of the question of Catholic Emancipation took place. As in the Commons on a preceding night, the debate was protracted to a late hour; and the decision, as might be expected, was similar.—In the House of Commons on Tuesday, Sir Francis Burdett's motion on the important subject of Parliamentary Reform excited a long and interesting debate. The division, however, against the motion was 265 to 77—a majority of 188. It is said, that this result was, in a great measure, caused by an opinion prevailing in the House, that an adjournment would take place, and by many members having left the House in that persuasion.

In India the Pindarees have met with a salutary check by the energetic exertions of Major Lushington. This active officer, it appears, put in motion his regiment, the 4th Madras Light Cavalry, with such rapidity, as to pursue and defeat the freebooters, and return to Bombay, a distance altogether of 70 miles, in two days.—Near home, an occurrence of considerable interest has taken place. Two piratical vessels, under the Tunisian flag, have had the temerity to venture so far from home as the North Seas, where they have made several captures. Happily, however, these robbers have already received some chastisement from one of our cruisers, the *Alert* armed brig, which has not only re-captured two of their prizes, but taken one of their corvettes of 18 or 20 guns.

Private letters from France mention the discovery of a conspiracy on the part of the non-commissioned officers at Versailles, to shoot the Bourbon princes at a review. Several of the conspirators have been arrested, who have confessed their murderous intention; declaring however at the same time that they were only subordinate agents in the plot, the object of which was not to disturb the reigning King on his throne, but to proclaim either the Duke of Or-

leans or young Napoleon heir to the Crown. The plot seems confined to a very few conspirators, all of whom were members of the Royal Guard; and are now handed over to a competent tribunal, to ascertain their guilt, and award the necessary punishment.—In Prussia the prohibitory declaration, and measures adopted in different parts of the Continent against our manufactures and trade, have found no admirers or imitators. The Prussian Council of State, forming a just and practical estimate of the true nature and operation of national commerce, rejected on the 25th ult. the prohibitory system, by a majority of 20 votes to 2.—On May 8, the grand question under discussion with the States of *Wurtemberg* was determined by 57 votes to 53, in favor of the propositions laid before them by the King. According to accounts from *Sweden* the pretended conspiracy has resolved itself into a mere trick on the part of the person who made the original accusation; and whose falsehoods having been discovered, he is himself to be tried before the high tribunal.—The last accounts from Madrid tend to show, that the rumoured misunderstanding between the Courts of Madrid and Rio Janeiro is by no means groundless, and it was stated, that a considerable body of Spanish troops have been ordered to march to the frontiers of Portugal. The recent plan of insurrection in Catalonia was very extensive. As it has been positively stated, that similar attempts were made at the same time in Arragon and Galicia, we may infer that some very general dissatisfaction pervades the upper classes of military among the Spaniards.—So desperate were the affairs of King Ferdinand in Venezuela, that all the royalists were flying to Curaçoa, and the city of Sante Domingo. In the latter place, the Bishop of Caraccas had arrived with the church plate. The patriots were reported to be within seven leagues of Caraccas on the 17th of March, and no doubt was entertained of their being in complete possession of all the provinces of Venezuela by 1st of April.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

ANNALS OF THE FINE ARTS.—The fourth part of this work which has been delayed beyond its usual time, in consequence of the death of one of the Proprietors, will be published early in June, and the succeeding part as regularly as heretofore.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—No less than five new epic poems are announced as being soon to enrich the literature of France. Their titles are *Philip-Augustus*, by Mr. Parseval-Grandmaison; the *Macabees*, by Mr. Raynouard; the *Holy War*, by Mr. Fontane; *Tasso*, by Mr. Campenon; and *Richard*, by Madame de Staël.